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United Coal Co., Limited.

VOL. VIII, No. 115.

EDMONTON, ALBERTA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 5, 1918.

SEVENTY PAGES

PRICE 5 CENTS

# Returning Soldiers Meet in Smash on P.R.

## Six Veterans Killed in Collision on C.P.R. Line Near Dorval, Que.

Thirty Also Injured When Local Train Telescoped Rear of Special, with a Large Number of Returned Soldiers, Bound for Vancouver—Several Men Were Pinned Below Wreckage—Officials State Local Train Ran Past Signal

(By Morning Bulletin Special Wire)  
MONTREAL, Jan. 4.—Six soldiers are known to be dead and a seventh is missing and believed to have been killed, as a result of a collision on the Canadian Pacific railway from Montreal to Vancouver running into the rear of a Canadian Pacific train bound for Vancouver with a large number of soldiers aboard about 7 o'clock tonight near Dorval station. The killed are: Privates Thomas Kelly, Hunter, Arthur, Mackie, Clark and Lafonde.

The name of the missing soldier has not been ascertained. About twenty persons were injured in the accident, the majority of them but slightly. Amongst them were Hugier Cross, Privates Irwin, Dickson and A. R. Kelly, who were brought to the Royal Victoria hospital this city.

Most of the men on the wrecked train were returned soldiers who had seen active service in France. Some, however, as in the case of Hugier Cross, were men who have been sent to England and later back to Canada for duty here. One of the dead soldiers, Tom Kelly, had been three times at the front and had been back only three months.

230 on Train  
According to Hugier Cross, there were 230 men on the train for Vancouver. The train was running late and was approaching the wrecked train from the rear. The C.P.R. official statement says that the train was running late and was approaching the wrecked train from the rear. The C.P.R. official statement says that the train was running late and was approaching the wrecked train from the rear.

Dead and Injured  
The following is the official list of dead and injured:  
1623, Private T. Kelly, 81st platoon, Vancouver.  
1624, Private A. Hunter, 81st platoon, Vancouver.  
1625, Private D. Lafonde, 81st platoon, Vancouver.

RAILWAY MEN  
MUST WORK  
OR ELSE  
No Escape from Constriction if They Do Not Help to Move Trains

(By Morning Bulletin Special Wire)  
MONTREAL, Jan. 4.—The Canadian railway board has today made a number of far-reaching decisions which will have a profound effect on the railway industry. The board has ordered that the railway men must work or else. No escape from constriction if they do not help to move trains.

COAL STATE IS  
SUFFERING A  
COAL FAMINE

Pennsylvania, Producing Half of States' Output, Making Protest to Government

(By Morning Bulletin Special Wire)  
PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Jan. 4.—The coal output of the United States is being threatened by a coal famine in Pennsylvania, which produces half of the states' output. The Pennsylvania coal miners are making a protest to the government.

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## LEGISLATURE MEETS FEB. 7th

At a meeting of the cabinet held Friday afternoon it was decided to call the Legislative Assembly to meet at Edmonton on Thursday, February 7, for the dispatch of the business of the province.

## LITVINOFF REPUDIATES THAT BOLSHEVIKI ARE PRO-GERMAN, ANTI-ALLY OR MERE PACTISTS

Reds' Ambassador to Britain Declares Such a Representation is Grossly Mischievous—Bolsheviks, He Says, Are Opposed to All Militarism—Litvinoff is Married to Englishwoman

(By Morning Bulletin Special Wire)  
LONDON, Jan. 4.—Maxim Litvinoff, who has been appointed Bolshevik ambassador to Britain, and who said yesterday that he would probably return to Petrograd, has decided to remain in London pending the receipt of his instructions. His photograph in the press is the subject of a note from the British government, which states that the Bolsheviks are not pro-Germans, anti-ally or mere pactists.

Reds' Ambassador to Britain Declares Such a Representation is Grossly Mischievous—Bolsheviks, He Says, Are Opposed to All Militarism—Litvinoff is Married to Englishwoman

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## BAN PLACED ON NEW PREMIER HIGHER PRICES FOR POTATOES REORGANIZES GOVERNMENT

Food Controller Issues Warning to Retail Dealers—Maximum May Be Fixed

(By Morning Bulletin Special Wire)  
OTTAWA, Jan. 4.—Higher prices for potatoes will not be permitted. The food controller is sending a letter to the retailers, warning them that the maximum price for potatoes will be fixed.

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## COAL SHORTAGE IS MORE ACUTE IN TORONTO

Situation, Also, Serious in Other Centres in Ontario

(By Morning Bulletin Special Wire)  
TORONTO, Jan. 4.—Reports from various points in Ontario indicate that the coal shortage is rapidly becoming more acute. The situation is also serious in other centres in Ontario.

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## PROTEST BY PREMIER MARTIN AGAINST EMBARGO ON LOCAL SECURITIES BY FEDERAL GOVT.

Complains That Official Notice Was Not Given the Province—Objects to Violation of Important Constitutional Right—Suggests Conferences for Consideration of Whole Question

(By Morning Bulletin Special Wire)  
OTTAWA, Jan. 4.—A strong protest was wired today to Hon. J. H. Brown, acting premier of Canada, by Premier Martin, on behalf of the Ontario government, in connection with the federal order-in-council issued in December last, prohibiting the export of securities from the province.

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# ANNUAL CLEARANCE SALE

## No Shorter Route To Economy Than The Nearest Way From Your Home To The Store

One of the most important things to bear in mind concerning this Sale is that it includes practically everything one requires at this season. Fur, Footwear, Coats, Knitted Goods, All descriptions, Hosiery and Gloves, etc. There are several months of cold weather ahead—merchandise is constantly advancing—whatever you buy now will serve throughout the remainder of this winter, and be ready to begin the next. Enthusiastic crowds have thronged our aisles daily, getting their share of these timely bargains. There is no shorter route to true economy than the nearest way from your home to this Store during this Sale. But you must be prompt, for this Sale cannot last indefinitely.

### "American Maid" Crochet Cotton 3 Balls for 25c

This is a new line and to introduce it we are offering satisfactory shirtings 2 balls for 25c. A splendidly well knit cotton of even thickness and the guaranteed finish. White in all sizes from 30 to 40. **3 BALLS 25c**

### 35c Paperietes at 22c Box

They are of good quality and include the Domini series with coat of arms. Reg. 30c per box. 35c paperietes at 22c box. **35c**

### Dainty Crepe Chene and White Voile Blouses Specially Priced at \$2.98

The very fact of this being a clearance of discontinued and broken lines makes a satisfactory blouse for \$2.98. These blouses are made of crepe chene and voile, fine tucks and hem. The voile is in white and in shades of pink, blue, green, yellow, orange, red, and black. All sizes 34 to 44. **\$2.98**

### Women's Gray Flannel Tailored Blouses at \$2.69

Regardless of the number of blouses you now possess, one of these smart serviceable blouses will be a very welcome addition to your wardrobe. They are made of gray flannel in a neat tailored style, with collars which can be worn high or low. Collar and cuffs are trimmed with three rows of colored stitching. Sizes 34 to 44. **\$2.69**

### Women's Pyjamas Clearing at \$2.49

Thoroughly made and well trimmed garments of extra good quality flannelette in pink and white, blue and white, or mauve and white. Strap collars with silk frogs. The pajamas have draw tape at feet and at waist line. Sizes 34 to 44. **\$2.49**

### Dainty Silk Nightgowns at \$3.98

These dainty crepe de chene and batiste nightgowns are sure to prove an irresistible sale attraction. They are of extra good quality and beautifully finished. Lengths 56 to 60 inches. **\$3.98**

### Toys and Dolls Clearing at Savings at 25 to 30 per cent

PICTURE BOOKS—Reg. 15c for 10c. Reg. 25c for 15c. Reg. 35c for 25c. Reg. 50c for 35c. Reg. 75c for 50c. Reg. 1.00 for 75c. Reg. 1.25 for 1.00. Reg. 1.50 for 1.25. Reg. 2.00 for 1.50. Reg. 2.50 for 2.00. Reg. 3.00 for 2.50. Reg. 3.50 for 3.00. Reg. 4.00 for 3.50. Reg. 4.50 for 4.00. Reg. 5.00 for 4.50. Reg. 5.50 for 5.00. Reg. 6.00 for 5.50. Reg. 6.50 for 6.00. Reg. 7.00 for 6.50. Reg. 7.50 for 7.00. Reg. 8.00 for 7.50. Reg. 8.50 for 8.00. Reg. 9.00 for 8.50. Reg. 9.50 for 9.00. Reg. 10.00 for 9.50. Reg. 10.50 for 10.00. Reg. 11.00 for 10.50. Reg. 11.50 for 11.00. Reg. 12.00 for 11.50. Reg. 12.50 for 12.00. Reg. 13.00 for 12.50. Reg. 13.50 for 13.00. Reg. 14.00 for 13.50. Reg. 14.50 for 14.00. Reg. 15.00 for 14.50. Reg. 15.50 for 15.00. Reg. 16.00 for 15.50. Reg. 16.50 for 16.00. Reg. 17.00 for 16.50. Reg. 17.50 for 17.00. Reg. 18.00 for 17.50. Reg. 18.50 for 18.00. Reg. 19.00 for 18.50. Reg. 19.50 for 19.00. Reg. 20.00 for 19.50. Reg. 20.50 for 20.00. Reg. 21.00 for 20.50. 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# EDMONTON SOLDIERS AT HOME AND ABROAD

## How Some Victoria Crosses Have Been Won

A Capt. Phil Kennow, Canadian, who has been in the front line of fighting up to the present time, has been awarded the Victoria Cross for his gallantry in the attack on the enemy. He was awarded the cross for his gallantry in the attack on the enemy. He was awarded the cross for his gallantry in the attack on the enemy.

Lt. Col. William H. Hewitt, R. Artillery, was awarded the Victoria Cross for his gallantry in the attack on the enemy. He was awarded the cross for his gallantry in the attack on the enemy.

## CAPT. J. A. REVILL IS REPORTED AS KILLED IN ACTION

Formerly in Employ of H.B. Co. Worked up to Captain From Private

Robert Wilson, of 12204 50th street, has received news of the death of his son, Capt. J. A. Revill, who was killed in action on Nov. 13, 1917. In civilian life he was employed as a secretary for the manager of the Hudson's Bay Co. When the war broke out, he joined the army and was promoted to the rank of captain. He was killed in action on Nov. 13, 1917.

into it he was again wounded. In the arm, however, he eventually managed to get a bomb into the trench. He was awarded the Victoria Cross for his gallantry in the attack on the enemy.

Lt. Col. Walter Foster, Australian, was awarded the Victoria Cross for his gallantry in the attack on the enemy. He was awarded the cross for his gallantry in the attack on the enemy.

## LOYDMINSTER MAN FOR VICTORIA CROSS

Lieut. James McCormack, D.S.O., Recommended for Honor for Gallant Rescue

WINNIPEG, Jan. 4.—Lieut. James McCormack, D.S.O., has been recommended for the Victoria Cross for gallantry in rescuing four men from a machine gun crater recently. He was wounded in four places in this engagement.

WALTER HUGHES RETAINED MEDALS. When the late Sir John Hughes, Ontario, Agency, "The Star," was killed in action, he was awarded the Victoria Cross for his gallantry in the attack on the enemy.



VICE ADMIRAL SIR ROSSLYN WEMYSS, who succeeds Lord Jellicoe as First Lord of Admiralty.

## INJURED CANADIAN AIDED TO HOSPITAL BY WOUNDED HUN

Pte. Percy Rand of Orville, Alta. Tells of Fighting at Passchendaele

Particulars of the wounding of Pte. Percy Rand of Orville, Alta., have been received in a letter written from the Red Cross Hospital, London, England. The letter states that Pte. Rand was wounded in the leg and arm and was taken to the hospital by a wounded Hun.

distance off and one half mile in his painful trip to the rear he was helped by a wounded German prisoner. Slowly and step by step the two injured men, formerly enemies but now comrades in misfortune, travelled the tortuous and muddy stretcher-bearing sandy boulders and shells until they reached the hospital. In speaking of his being put into a hospital, he writes: "It was a fine place from the Canadian nurses and doctors. It seemed quite homelike to talk to girls from the home country again. And you get a letter written for me by my mother and father and a Canadian hospital visited me here and seeing I was unharmed, he wrote me a letter for me."

MONTREAL, Jan. 4.—Sugar dropped and oil rose a hundred points in the trade today. The price is now \$8.50.

## Alberta Boys in Casualty List

### L.-Corp. D. E. Duncan

Lance Corporal David Ernest Duncan, son of Mrs. D. Duncan, of 10324 18th street, was reported missing on May 7th, this year, in the absence of further news, been officially presumed to be dead by the military authorities.

### Pte. H. Klukas

Private H. Klukas, 10105 48th street, was wounded for the fourth time about Oct. 30th. The following letter has been received by his father, Mr. Klukas, of 1420 street, Westview, from Scout Lieut. H. G. Nolan of the 40th.

Dear Mr. Klukas:

I write to let you know that your son who is in my section in the 40th, was wounded by a bomb dropped from a German aeroplane on Oct. 30th. He was slightly wounded and by this time will be on his way home. He is recovering well in the hospital and will be home in a few days. He is a very brave boy and will be back soon again, and I am writing these few lines so that you will know exactly what happened, and will have no further worry.

Yours very sincerely,  
Lieut. H. G. Nolan, 49th Batts. Private Klukas enlisted when he was 16 at the outbreak of the war. Later on he was transferred to the 40th.

### Pte. A. E. Cummings

A. E. Cummings, 11145 84th street, who has been listed in the casualty list as missing, is one of four Edmonton brothers who enlisted for active service. The other boys who have gone overseas are: Pte. Alexander and Pte. Harvey Umbach. Pte. Alexander was killed at Lens after having been wounded both at the Somme and Vimy Ridge.

### Pte. Harvey Umbach

Pte. Harvey Umbach, son of Israel Umbach, of 10105 48th street, was wounded for the fourth time about Oct. 30th. The following letter has been received by his father, Mr. Umbach, of 1420 street, Westview, from Scout Lieut. H. G. Nolan of the 40th.

Dear Mr. Umbach:

I write to let you know that your son who is in my section in the 40th, was wounded by a bomb dropped from a German aeroplane on Oct. 30th. He was slightly wounded and by this time will be on his way home. He is recovering well in the hospital and will be home in a few days. He is a very brave boy and will be back soon again, and I am writing these few lines so that you will know exactly what happened, and will have no further worry.

## AMERICANS ON BATTLE LINE WELL CARED

### Big Supply of Christmas Reached France—Men Home Cared For

On the American Front, the Christmas season has been a very successful one. The men have been well cared for and the supply of Christmas goods has been abundant. The men have been well cared for and the supply of Christmas goods has been abundant.

With men in the navy from the British Isles, the Christmas season has been a very successful one. The men have been well cared for and the supply of Christmas goods has been abundant.

YVONNE AGON ON WARFARE. Miss Yvonne Agon, daughter of Mr. Yvonne Agon, of 10105 48th street, was wounded for the fourth time about Oct. 30th. The following letter has been received by her father, Mr. Agon, of 1420 street, Westview, from Scout Lieut. H. G. Nolan of the 40th.

# Progress of Economic Development ARE THE KEYNOTES OF ALBERTA'S EDUCATIONAL SYSTEM

"What greater gift can we offer the Republic than to teach and instruct our Youth?"—Cicero.

"'Tis education forms the human mind; Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined."—Pope.

"Every addition to true knowledge is an addition to human power."—Horace Mann.

Hon. J. R. Boyle, K.C., M.P.P.  
Minister of Education.

One of the most important departments of any government is the DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION. For upon it devolves the duty of educating and training our boys and girls for future citizenship. No government can afford to neglect this department. It touches the home life as vitally now as when activities have such far-reaching consequences. The ECONOMIC AND INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT of the country, the MENTAL, MORAL AND PHYSICAL culture of its citizenship, the RICHNESS OF LIFE AND PROPERTY and the measure of contentment of its family life depend, in a large measure, on the provision of ADEQUATE EDUCATIONAL FACILITIES FOR THE PEOPLE, and the EFFICIENT, ECONOMIC DIRECTION OF EDUCATIONAL EFFORT.

Under the most favorable conditions

and in states where development is normal the task is one which taxes the powers of educators and executives, but in ALBERTA which has EPOCHALIZED a CREATION OF NORMAL DEVELOPMENT INTO TWELVE YEARS, whose boundaries are flung north and south to a distance of 750 miles—a province larger than the whole German Empire—whose people scatter far over her vast plains settling wherever their fancy dictates and must be followed by the schools, only the TRIEST DIRECTION TO IDEALS maintains the purity of her educational standards and the EFFICIENCY and PROGRESSIVENESS of the DEPARTMENT'S policy.

Some idea of the development of the province and how the DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION meets the educational needs of her people may be obtained from the number of school districts created since the province was formed in 1905.

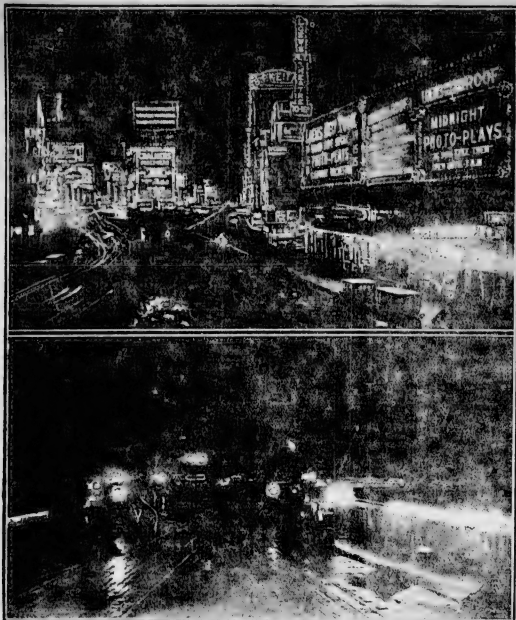
In 1905 there were in existence in the province 42 school districts. In 1906, 144 were erected. In 1916, 1908 were erected. In 1917, 253 were erected. In 1918, 253 were erected. In 1919, 253 were erected. In 1920, 253 were erected. In 1921, 253 were erected. In 1922, 253 were erected. In 1923, 253 were erected. In 1924, 253 were erected. In 1925, 253 were erected. In 1926, 253 were erected. In 1927, 253 were erected. In 1928, 253 were erected. In 1929, 253 were erected. In 1930, 253 were erected. In 1931, 253 were erected. In 1932, 253 were erected. In 1933, 253 were erected. In 1934, 253 were erected. In 1935, 253 were erected. In 1936, 253 were erected. In 1937, 253 were erected. In 1938, 253 were erected. In 1939, 253 were erected. In 1940, 253 were erected. In 1941, 253 were erected. In 1942, 253 were erected. In 1943, 253 were erected. In 1944, 253 were erected. In 1945, 253 were erected. In 1946, 253 were erected. In 1947, 253 were erected. In 1948, 253 were erected. In 1949, 253 were erected. In 1950, 253 were erected. In 1951, 253 were erected. In 1952, 253 were erected. In 1953, 253 were erected. In 1954, 253 were erected. In 1955, 253 were erected. In 1956, 253 were erected. In 1957, 253 were erected. In 1958, 253 were erected. In 1959, 253 were erected. In 1960, 253 were erected. In 1961, 253 were erected. In 1962, 253 were erected. In 1963, 253 were erected. In 1964, 253 were erected. In 1965, 253 were erected. In 1966, 253 were erected. In 1967, 253 were erected. In 1968, 253 were erected. In 1969, 253 were erected. In 1970, 253 were erected. In 1971, 253 were erected. In 1972, 253 were erected. In 1973, 253 were erected. In 1974, 253 were erected. In 1975, 253 were erected. In 1976, 253 were erected. In 1977, 253 were erected. In 1978, 253 were erected. In 1979, 253 were erected. In 1980, 253 were erected. In 1981, 253 were erected. In 1982, 253 were erected. In 1983, 253 were erected. In 1984, 253 were erected. In 1985, 253 were erected. In 1986, 253 were erected. In 1987, 253 were erected. In 1988, 253 were erected. In 1989, 253 were erected. In 1990, 253 were erected. In 1991, 253 were erected. In 1992, 253 were erected. In 1993, 253 were erected. In 1994, 253 were erected. In 1995, 253 were erected. In 1996, 253 were erected. In 1997, 253 were erected. In 1998, 253 were erected. In 1999, 253 were erected. In 2000, 253 were erected. In 2001, 253 were erected. In 2002, 253 were erected. In 2003, 253 were erected. In 2004, 253 were erected. In 2005, 253 were erected. In 2006, 253 were erected. In 2007, 253 were erected. In 2008, 253 were erected. In 2009, 253 were erected. In 2010, 253 were erected. In 2011, 253 were erected. In 2012, 253 were erected. In 2013, 253 were erected. In 2014, 253 were erected. In 2015, 253 were erected. In 2016, 253 were erected. In 2017, 253 were erected. In 2018, 253 were erected. In 2019, 253 were erected. In 2020, 253 were erected. In 2021, 253 were erected. In 2022, 253 were erected. In 2023, 253 were erected. In 2024, 253 were erected. In 2025, 253 were erected. In 2026, 253 were erected. In 2027, 253 were erected. In 2028, 253 were erected. In 2029, 253 were erected. In 2030, 253 were erected. In 2031, 253 were erected. In 2032, 253 were erected. In 2033, 253 were erected. In 2034, 253 were erected. In 2035, 253 were erected. In 2036, 253 were erected. In 2037, 253 were erected. In 2038, 253 were erected. In 2039, 253 were erected. In 2040, 253 were erected. In 2041, 253 were erected. In 2042, 253 were erected. In 2043, 253 were erected. In 2044, 253 were erected. In 2045, 253 were erected. In 2046, 253 were erected. In 2047, 253 were erected. In 2048, 253 were erected. In 2049, 253 were erected. In 2050, 253 were erected. In 2051, 253 were erected. In 2052, 253 were erected. In 2053, 253 were erected. In 2054, 253 were erected. In 2055, 253 were erected. In 2056, 253 were erected. In 2057, 253 were erected. In 2058, 253 were erected. In 2059, 253 were erected. In 2060, 253 were erected. In 2061, 253 were erected. In 2062, 253 were erected. In 2063, 253 were erected. In 2064, 253 were erected. In 2065, 253 were erected. In 2066, 253 were erected. In 2067, 253 were erected. In 2068, 253 were erected. In 2069, 253 were erected. In 2070, 253 were erected. In 2071, 253 were erected. In 2072, 253 were erected. In 2073, 253 were erected. In 2074, 253 were erected. In 2075, 253 were erected. In 2076, 253 were erected. In 2077, 253 were erected. In 2078, 253 were erected. In 2079, 253 were erected. In 2080, 253 were erected. In 2081, 253 were erected. In 2082, 253 were erected. In 2083, 253 were erected. In 2084, 253 were erected. In 2085, 253 were erected. In 2086, 253 were erected. In 2087, 253 were erected. In 2088, 253 were erected. In 2089, 253 were erected. In 2090, 253 were erected. In 2091, 253 were erected. In 2092, 253 were erected. In 2093, 253 were erected. In 2094, 253 were erected. In 2095, 253 were erected. In 2096, 253 were erected. In 2097, 253 were erected. In 2098, 253 were erected. In 2099, 253 were erected. In 2100, 253 were erected. In 2101, 253 were erected. In 2102, 253 were erected. In 2103, 253 were erected. In 2104, 253 were erected. In 2105, 253 were erected. In 2106, 253 were erected. In 2107, 253 were erected. In 2108, 253 were erected. In 2109, 253 were erected. In 2110, 253 were erected. In 2111, 253 were erected. In 2112, 253 were erected. In 2113, 253 were erected. In 2114, 253 were erected. In 2115, 253 were erected. In 2116, 253 were erected. In 2117, 253 were erected. In 2118, 253 were erected. In 2119, 253 were erected. In 2120, 253 were erected. In 2121, 253 were erected. In 2122, 253 were erected. In 2123, 253 were erected. In 2124, 253 were erected. In 2125, 253 were erected. In 2126, 253 were erected. In 2127, 253 were erected. In 2128, 253 were erected. In 2129, 253 were erected. In 2130, 253 were erected. In 2131, 253 were erected. In 2132, 253 were erected. In 2133, 253 were erected. In 2134, 253 were erected. In 2135, 253 were erected. In 2136, 253 were erected. In 2137, 253 were erected. In 2138, 253 were erected. In 2139, 253 were erected. In 2140, 253 were erected. In 2141, 253 were erected. In 2142, 253 were erected. In 2143, 253 were erected. In 2144, 253 were erected. In 2145, 253 were erected. In 2146, 253 were erected. In 2147, 253 were erected. In 2148, 253 were erected. In 2149, 253 were erected. In 2150, 253 were erected. In 2151, 253 were erected. In 2152, 253 were erected. In 2153, 253 were erected. In 2154, 253 were erected. In 2155, 253 were erected. In 2156, 253 were erected. In 2157, 253 were erected. In 2158, 253 were erected. In 2159, 253 were erected. In 2160, 253 were erected. In 2161, 253 were erected. In 2162, 253 were erected. In 2163, 253 were erected. In 2164, 253 were erected. In 2165, 253 were erected. In 2166, 253 were erected. In 2167, 253 were erected. In 2168, 253 were erected. In 2169, 253 were erected. In 2170, 253 were erected. In 2171, 253 were erected. In 2172, 253 were erected. In 2173, 253 were erected. In 2174, 253 were erected. In 2175, 253 were erected. In 2176, 253 were erected. In 2177, 253 were erected. In 2178, 253 were erected. In 2179, 253 were erected. In 2180, 253 were erected. In 2181, 253 were erected. In 2182, 253 were erected. In 2183, 253 were erected. In 2184, 253 were erected. In 2185, 253 were erected. In 2186, 253 were erected. In 2187, 253 were erected. In 2188, 253 were erected. In 2189, 253 were erected. In 2190, 253 were erected. In 2191, 253 were erected. In 2192, 253 were erected. In 2193, 253 were erected. In 2194, 253 were erected. In 2195, 253 were erected. In 2196, 253 were erected. In 2197, 253 were erected. In 2198, 253 were erected. In 2199, 253 were erected. In 2200, 253 were erected. In 2201, 253 were erected. In 2202, 253 were erected. In 2203, 253 were erected. In 2204, 253 were erected. In 2205, 253 were erected. In 2206, 253 were erected. In 2207, 253 were erected. In 2208, 253 were erected. In 2209, 253 were erected. In 2210, 253 were erected. In 2211, 253 were erected. In 2212, 253 were erected. In 2213, 253 were erected. In 2214, 253 were erected. In 2215, 253 were erected. In 2216, 253 were erected. In 2217, 253 were erected. In 2218, 253 were erected. In 2219, 253 were erected. In 2220, 253 were erected. In 2221, 253 were erected. In 2222, 253 were erected. In 2223, 253 were erected. In 2224, 253 were erected. In 2225, 253 were erected. In 2226, 253 were erected. In 2227, 253 were erected. In 2228, 253 were erected. In 2229, 253 were erected. In 2230, 253 were erected. In 2231, 253 were erected. In 2232, 253 were erected. In 2233, 253 were erected. In 2234, 253 were erected. In 2235, 253 were erected. In 2236, 253 were erected. In 2237, 253 were erected. In 2238, 253 were erected. In 2239, 253 were erected. In 2240, 253 were erected. In 2241, 253 were erected. In 2242, 253 were erected. In 2243, 253 were erected. In 2244, 253 were erected. 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# Bulletin's Pictorial Review of Events of the Week

THE "GREAT WHITE WAY" BEFORE AND AFTER



Remarkable night-time photos of Broadway, New York, looking up Longacre Square. The picture above shows its normal aspect. Below is shown its present war-time appearance after 11 p.m., when the cafes and cabarets are compelled to close in order to save coal at the order of the fuel controller.

BOTHA'S SON IS STILL AT THE FRONT



Capt. Louis Botha is now in his third campaign in the war.

FROM WORKHOUSE TO PARLIAMENT



Walter Hudson, labor M.P., who has been appointed on the committee for the reconstruction of the House of Lords.

CANADIAN HOSPITAL AT ST. CLOUD



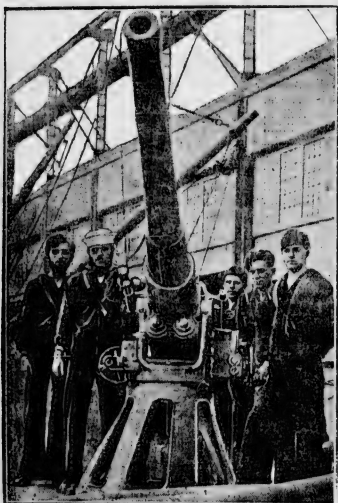
Lieut.-Col. Casgrain, Montreal, commanding the hospital for Canadian soldiers at St. Cloud. Upper picture, the entrance to the Montreal Hall. Lower picture, a group of soldier patients taking break in the open air.

THE STAFF THAT DIRECTED PASSCHENDAELE FIGHTING



Major-Gen. Currie in the centre. The first officer on the left is Major H. Willis O'Connor, A.D.C. Ottawa; on the extreme right is Brig.-Gen. E. W. B. Morrison, C.M.G., D.S.O., Ottawa; at the right-hand upper end is Staff Capt. Theodore G. Roberts; at the left end is Prince Arthur of Connaught.

J.S. SAILORS WON'T SHAVE UNTIL THEY SINK A U-BOAT



Seaman J. C. Biehl and J. P. Yolman, of Newark, will let beards grow till they get a "bag."

BELGIAN BOMB THROWERS WITH MACHINE



This queer looking contraption is a Belgian bomb-thrower. It has been found very effective in short range "artillery preparation" in the sand dunes near the Channel coast.

PRESIDENT POINCARE AT THE FRONT



Leaving an observation point on the Meuse line.

GERMAN PRISONERS STARVING



These men's haggard faces show how the Hun army is feeling the pinch of starvation.

FIRST NAVAL LORD RETIRES



Admiral Sir John Jellicoe.

THE TANKS AT CAMBRAI



This photo, taken in the recent drive at Cambrai, shows the kind of ground the tanks can scramble over. The feelings of the men who come down to earth are not shown in the photo.

A GROUP OF CANADIAN PRISONERS OF WAR



A group of British and colonial prisoners of war interned in Stuttgart, Wurtemberg, Germany. This photo was sent by Corp. W. Campbell (cross at feet), who went overseas with the 13th Battalion Royal Highlanders, in the first contingent.



## ated Education

GIVE COUNTRY BOY EQUAL  
CHANCE WITH CITY COUSIN;  
MEANS CONSOLIDATED SCHOOL

**GIVE COUNTRY BOY EQUAL  
CHANCE WITH CITY COUSIN;  
MEANS CONSOLIDATED SCHOOL**

**Barnwell's New \$20,000 Brick Consolidated School, Recently Opened, is Credit to Alberta's Rural Community Development—Provincial Policy of Consolidation Means Progressive, Democratic and Educated Citizenship of Consolidated Rural Communities Throughout Province of Alberta.**

[illegible]

On secondary education. These figures are not, however, representative of the tremendous disadvantages under which the majority of the Negro male youth probably apply to the schools. The Negro male youth is a boy or girl is less intelligent than the white male youth, and the Negro male youth has not the education of the white male youth. In passing through the grades, there is nothing to look forward to after the eighth grade, unless the student is a Negro male youth. The Negro male youth is not a large center, where is no one to help him. The Negro male youth is a large center, where is no one to help him.

agriculture. The school was founded in the new Mormon church at the site of the present school building. The new school building, in the center of the town, was dedicated in 1882. Mr. Hoyle, principal of education, Mr. A. Barron, B. A., represents the school. Under the able leadership of Mr. Hoyle, the school has been directed by Daniel Carey, teacher, the school children are well equipped with an excellent program of drill and passed the state examinations.

After the program the audience retired to the school building where an excellent supper was served.

In his address to the people of Mr. Harron regretted that the Minister of Education could not be personally present. He said that the work had been accomplished by the people of the community, but assured them that Mr. Hoyle had a sincere interest in the school and would be glad to visit it. Mr. Harron proceeded to deliver an address on the consolidation of rural schools. He said that the consolidation of schools was a necessary step in the development of education. He said in part, "The democratization of education will mean, when properly worked out, the democratization of the curriculum of practical life. The consolidated school will aim to make education practical. The courses of studies will be planned to give the child a knowledge of practical life, but will become a servant to administer into our necessities. It must not be a high education standard, but at the same time align itself with practical interests."

<p>follows:</p> <p><b>Aggressive Education</b></p> <p>"An aggressive practical system of education is one of the chief factors in the creation of an intelligent citizenship, and if our policy of education</p>	<p><b>Develop Rural Scientists</b></p> <p>"In rural communities the course of studies will tend to develop practical, scientific farmers. Emphasis will be placed upon scientific agriculture for boys, and domestic science for</p>
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to appeal to the democratic instincts of our people it must be so framed as to give an equal chance to all. The policy of consolidation means the democratization of education. It means equality of accessibility and equality of opportunity. It proposes the same chance for the country boys and girls as it does for

city boys and girls. The boys and girls of our rural communities are the citizens of the future. Upon them shall devolve at some future time the duties and responsibilities that belong to citizens of a free, democratic country.

**BY FREE SAMPLE**

**A** PPLY to the dealer named below for **FREE SAMPLE** (containing one week's treatment—ample to prove the value in your *own* case) of

**ACAYA NEURAL**

**ASAYA-NEURAL**  
THE NEW REMEDY FOR  
**Nervous Exhaustion**  
the Ailment of the Age

Grief and Worry      Excesses  
Childbirth      and  
La Grippe      Overstrain

AND RESULTS IN

Neuralgia      Sleeplessness

**Nightsweats**      **Hysteria**      **Indigestion**

and a general lowered and depressed condition which takes the joy out of life.

**Assay-Neurall** is composed of Lecithin (concentrated from eggs), the form of Phosphorus required for nerve repair, combined with the Chlorophyll extract of *Chlorella*.

**Asaya-Neural** feeds the nerves, quickens the appetite, aids digestion, induces sleep, and soon restores full nerve vitality. The beneficial effects are evident almost with the first dose.

16 oz. bottle, 60 days' treatment, \$1.50.  
Obtain from the local agent.

**EDMONTON PHARMACY**                      **MOONEY DRUG COMPANY**

NORWOOD PHARMACY  
GEO. S. ARMSTRONG  
E. M. CARPENTER  
DUNCAN DRUG COMPANY  
DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO., Sole Manufacturers, MONTREAL.  
Write them for Free Book on Nervous Exhaustion.







# PAGE OF INTERESTS TO BOY AND GIRLS

## Lost--The Key to Fairyland

Everyone knows what curious things happen to one in Fairyland, and how perfectly natural it seems to see strange things there. That is why Katherine didn't think it "especially strange" when she and Katharine were walking alone early one morning and she saw the fairy.

The fairy was a wee thing, and she had wrapped a rose petal about her to keep out the autumn wind. She was huddled miserably beneath a rambunctious old toadstool, crying softly.

"Oh, what is the matter?" asked Katherine in great distress at sight of a fairy's tears. The startled fairy jumped and was about to run away, but when she recognized Katherine, Katharine was a great friend of the fairies, and she came to her aid.

"Oh--it's you," gasped the fairy, and seemed to cry harder than ever. "Whatever is the matter?" asked Katherine in bewilderment, and then, as the poor little fairy still continued to sob, she moved nearer. "Have I done something?"

The fairy shook her head rapidly. "No! But I've lost the key--the key to Fairyland!" she confessed with a fresh burst of tears.

"Fairyland? That is serious!" replied Katherine gravely. "Have you an idea where you lost it?"

"It was raining my team of dragonflies to do some fancy riding and I had it then. It came around my neck and was as light as a feather, so I took it off and asked a dragonfly to keep it for me in case I was late. When I saw my dragonfly fly I went back to where I had left it."

"Well, then, I'll have to look for it," said Katherine. "I'll have to look for it," said Katherine. "I'll have to look for it," said Katherine.

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"If you'd used your eyes you'd have seen it. I hung it on a plain nail on a tree trunk, right near the place where you first saw me. The musical tree informed her, discreetly.

"Oh, dear!" said the fairy to Katherine. "We'll have to go all the way back. Thank you," she said to the musical tree a little cooly.

So the fairy and Katherine began the long walk back, and Katherine found that she couldn't begin to cover so much ground in a few minutes as she had before she'd taken the shrinking powder. But it seemed much more sociable to be nearer the fairy's side.

"They grew so hungry on the way that they both tackled a late raspberry, and when they had eaten it they felt quite full. They went on a little faster after lunch, and at last they reached the key hung on a rose thorn. It lay there of light that dazzled and dazzled so that they almost blinded Katherine as she looked at it. The fairy ran forward eagerly and snatched it from the rose thorn.

"My but I'll have to rush now!" she said. "The happy fairy has asked me to watch her house for the evening."

"Well, don't leave me like this on a little bit of never!" cried Katherine in sudden panic. "I'll have to look for it," said Katherine.

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## Uncle Wiggly and the Candle

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"Well, how are you feeling now, Uncle Wiggly?" asked Nurse Jane. "I'm feeling fine, but I'm a little tired. I've been thinking about the candle."

"You mean the candle that was in the kitchen?" asked Nurse Jane. "Yes, that's the one. I've been thinking about it ever since I saw it."

"I've been thinking about it ever since I saw it," said Nurse Jane. "I've been thinking about it ever since I saw it."

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## TOYS AND USEFUL ARTICLES THAT A BOY CAN MAKE.

BY FRANK J. SOLAR.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE EDITOR OF THE BULLETIN, PUBLISHED BY THE BULLETIN, PUBLISHED BY THE BULLETIN.

AN INTERESTING GAME.

MAKE TWO

PAPER

MATCH

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FRONT VIEW

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## Johnnie's Grandmother

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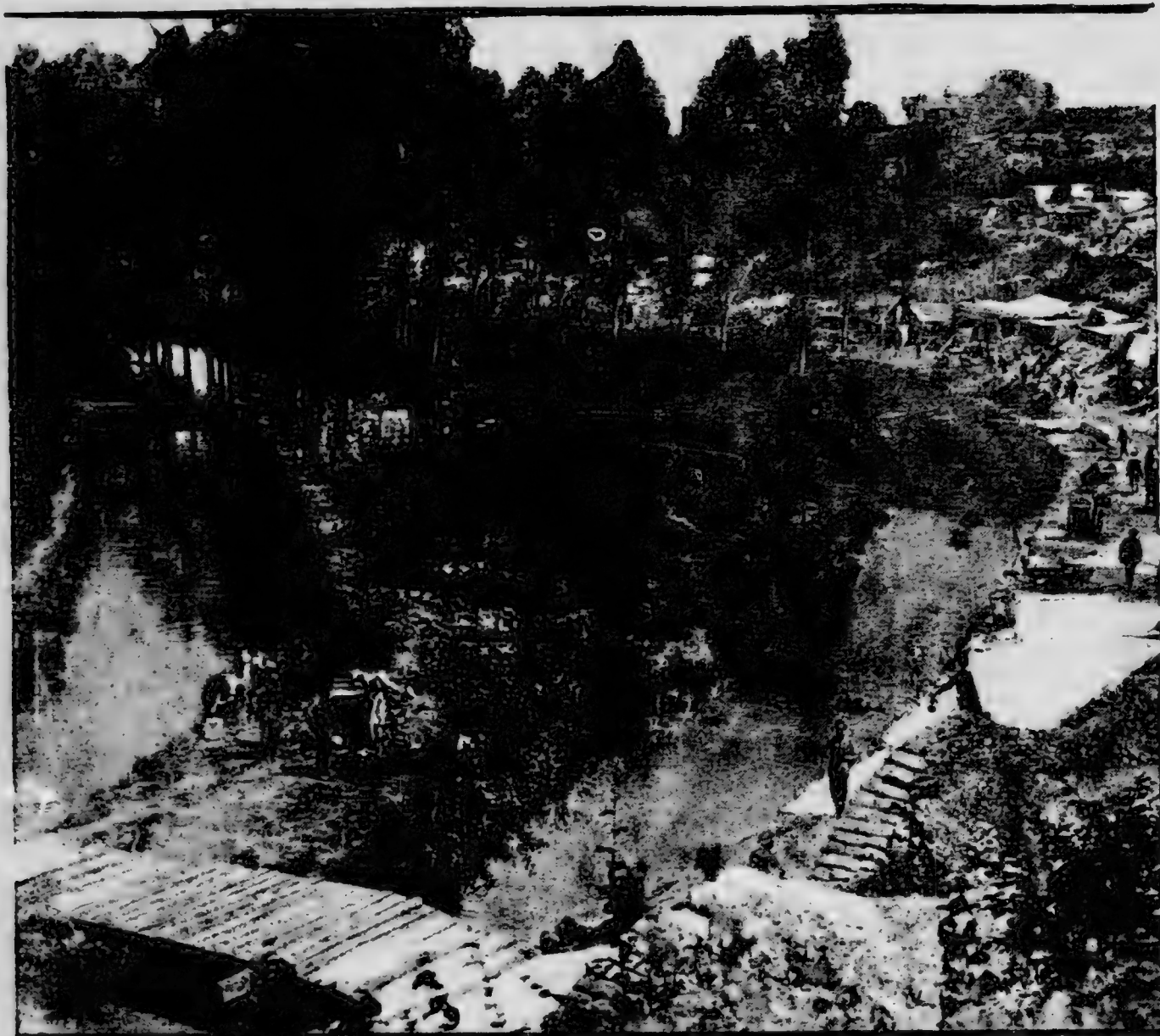


# The Bulletin Magazine

EDMONTON, ALBERTA SATURDAY, JANUARY 5, 1918.



## DUGOUTS ON THE WESTERN FRONT



## Habits of the Black Bear

**T**HE black bear came shuffling down the mountain side through the fallen timber, pausing here and there to turn over a rotten log in search of grubs. It was summer and the feed was good. He was quite well-satisfied with the world. He had found a very good field for investigation in the new territory he had just taken up. In the tangle of the burnt and fallen trees he was sure of staples of life, and down on the edge of the river beside the trail he often discovered rare titbits left by camping parties.

A hoarse whistle booming up from over the shoulder of the mountain on his left scarce caused him to pause for it was a section of his every day life. Ever since his roughest cub days he had heard the roar, far or close, on one side or another. Sometimes he crossed the steel bars on which the roaring monsters slid down or rolled up, out and into field. He was a British Columbia bear, and the Canadian Pacific main line was as much a part of his life as the mountains were.

He drifted down further, and spied a tent. It looked tempting and he scuffed close. There was no one around, and he thrust an inquisitive nose within. Strange sights and wonderful smells greeted him. He made a tentative sweep at a bag with one armed paw and a snowy mass of sugar rolled out. He ate. Then he tried the bacon and found it good. He

searched for a dessert and found a tin. This was held firmly in his paws while he bit at the top. It came off, and the contents looked red and delicious. Being a cautious bear he investigated further by thrusting his nose into the opening and sniffing deep. Instantly he coughed violently and a cloud of particles arose from the can and filled his eyes and mouth. With a strangled roar he raced blindly about. He tore up blankets, he wallowed against the camp stove, he ripped the tent walls with his frantic paws, and finally brought all down upon him in a ruined wreck. Fighting madly he worked free and dashed to the river where he plunged madly into the flood just as Jim Simpson, a guide and hunter, rounded the trail and saw the ruin wrought.

Simpson looked at the damage and swore, he pulled the canvas from the tangled mess of camp paraphernalia and disturbed a fine dust. He sneezed. He looked further. Red particles arose in little clouds when he moved any article. He picked up the can which caused the trouble, and he laughed. It was cayenne pepper.

But he thought the bear was proving a nuisance, so he rode ten miles to his winter camp and brought back a huge-jawed bear trap. And he set the grim mass of metal in the thick of the tastiest-looking pile of rotten logs on the edge of the down timber, for he knew the habits of bears.



When the next dawn painted the peaks he started out with his rifle and his kodak. Men who hunt in the Canadian Pacific Rockies for their livings have realized that the camera-eye is as much of a money-getter as the bullet. When the bright morning sun peered warmly and cheerily over the low shoulder that reached out into the broad valley of the How he was looking down from a mass of

jumbled timber or the trapped bear, and the latter was looking at him, its paw was clamped in the beared teeth of the trap and the latter was fixed immovably in the tangled loam.

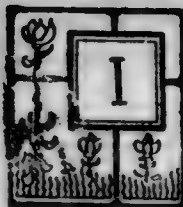
The camera clicked on the living animal just about thirty seconds before the rifle mechanism slid a big cartridge from magazine to barrel. Then another camp vanguard had gone "over the mountains." A. T. S.



# THE EYES OF LAO-TZSE

By *Allen Hayes*

Illustrated by J. Allen St. John



AM a man of many years and memories, monsieur. I recall with the strange blind eye of the mind many interesting things—the great court of the Dowager Tze Hsi, the

splendor of moonlight on the Taj Mahal and the wonder in a woman's eyes when she makes prayers to her gods or whispers love words in the ear of a man.

In the great cathedrals of Paris, when the afternoon silence was like a whisper from eternity, I have watched the nuns at prayer. They prayed not themselves, with whom indeed even the gods could not find fault, but for the salvation of the world. And outside the gay world rushed by, drunken and heedless and hectic, caring not to be saved.

As attache with a Turkish army, in my youth, I have seen Armenian Christian mothers raise their bloody hands to heaven and implore their God to save their children from the infidels. But the sun only smiled back out of the blue dome of heaven and their blood trickled and blackened into clotted pools on the sand. In Tahiti I have seen the wife of a missionary kneel on the moonlit beach and pray for the souls of savages who danced around a great fire, chanting to their devil god Bju-Mauri.

Should not, I thought, the Paris griffettes and the naked savages know best what gods they like? I, who worship no god and crave only the passionless sleep of Nirvana, cannot understand why women should have this zeal for gods. To love men and pray to gods is the common lot of all women. I, who come out of the East and return again to the East, have seen.

Up in the San Ghan plateau, where the Nakhir gorges deepen and the purple shadows linger as well by moonlight as at dawn, Li Seng had his white mansion. I knew Li Seng in the days when we were both younger men, high in the favor of the Dowager Tze Hsi. I think in time he would have become prime minister, save that during the Boxer days a strange whisper came to the ears of the old dowager.

She shook at the words and spat upon the dais and summoned the chief eunuch.

"I WOULD have the presence of that devil's spawn, Li Seng," she said. "And if perchance he comes with little willingness in the flesh, I will compromise on his head alone!"

But Li Seng came willingly, and knelted in her presence. His face was inscrutable as your neurasthenic occidental's never could be. But his long finger nails rustled against the silk of his jacket and in his black eyes I read the craven message of fear. I marveled at that, for it was the crafty Li Seng who coined the expression, "Lao Tzse"—the "old Buddha"—which had pleased the empress mightily. To have so signally won her favor and then to fear so greatly seemed to me first evidence of grave offense.

He was a small man, already inclining to girth, and he looked very ridiculous kneeling there before the yellow dais, at the feet of an old woman who spat and screeched and shook with unintelligible rage. The five cushions had been removed and Li Seng knelt upon the bare marble floor.

The dowager spoke. Her tones were harsh and her language as little elegant as the vituperation of a Hongkong fish vendor.

"Lecherous rat!" she screamed, "I have had my ears and stomach affronted by a whisper current in the Tartar city. It is that a female foreign devil has whelped with a half-caste brat of yours!"

Li Seng bent lower, and were it not for his being a mandarin of the third or-

der it would be easy on my tongue to say he groveled. But he made no answer. The froth that was on her lips when she died foamed again at the corners of Tze Hsi's mouth.

"She is a Russian," pursued the dowager, "and the thrice accursed black-beards are already clamoring at our gate for all Manchuria. Would you have us crowded to the farthest sands of Gobi by these foreign devils? Let but your capture of that Russian girl get back to the country that cast her out and set her on the dirty cobblestones of Tien-Tsien to cry her shame to the stars and she will straightway become of first importance and reason for vast indemnity."

ALL highest," said Li Seng, "the girl came willingly. She had been sufficiently starved before. I think—"

"Willingly!" screeched the all highest. "Dog! Spirit of swine! It were better had you dragged her by the hair of the head! Shall a mandarin of the Yellow Banner traffic with public women to the shame of his ancestors' tombs and the peril of his country?"

Li Seng expected death, no doubt, and desperation puts brave words on a man's lips.

"Would you have me always a 'sleeve dog'?" he asked. "I have traveled abroad. I know other beauty than the charm of yellow faces and 'noble noses'!"

My blood chilled for Li Seng. The "noble nose" is broad at the base, and so-called because the great dowager herself had it.

Her face grew purple and the eunuchs closed in, expecting summons to drag him hence. But though the foam drooled down her wrinkled cheeks the dowager held herself well in hand.

"So may the god of lies consecrate it," she said. "Henceforth you will never pass the sacred gates. Up in the mountains of San Ghan, where the sand rats cringe and the lizards drowse in the sun, you shall build yourself a house of porphyry. And there shall you live with the female foreign devil who has whelped your blood. There the foreign devils, with their cry for reparations and indemnities, shall never seek you out to make more claims on my land. And let you but once venture hence and I shall proscribe you for such an end as will startle all Pechili!"

So Li Seng went out from the court in disgrace, and the dowager went forth with into another screaming fit where the lobes of the ears grow black and the tongue sticks out like the poison orchid from the clay of the Nangwhel hills. The chief eunuch carried her out under his arm, a strange, shriveled old hag who kicked like a child and for all her royal robes screeched like a walling devil in the hades of Lao-Tzse!

To me that last scene was a revolting thing. In my heart I knew we were at the end of the empire. It was before the Chinese dogs dared question Manchu supremacy, but the scent of that sacrilege was then in the air. It stunk in my nostrils, and I left the country, living for several years in Paris and for five more in New York. My hoards of silver tails and ancestral gold and jewels I had the excellent prescience to take with me.

Coolie mobs have since fingered the silks and the ivories in the Mansion of the Seven Orchid Petals, but their vile claws have not touched the ancestral jewels. In the sandalwood cases I sprinkled the essence of death that left more than one of their number carrion in the

halls from which the rest fled in superstitious terror. So when I went back, urged by homesickness and curiosity about the republican regime, it was with noncommittal American travelers' cheques and shaven head.

I felt more than ever the Manchu of the White Banner without the queue, because after all it was a Chinese institution, borrowed by the conquerors from the conquered. Rebel troops were embarrassing the republic, but I had seen the sun set in a purple mist on the day that the Son of Heaven worshiped the sacred tablets in the Hall of Ancestors, and I knew that any restoration must be brief.

A longing came upon me to see Li Seng, aloof from all the humiliation that attended upon the end of the Manchu dynasty. It took much intriguing of timorous men to arrange an expedition through that wild country in the unsettled state of affairs. But the fifth week saw us staring at the sunset over the purple ridges of the wonderful Khangai mountains.

For 4,000 years men have fled to these fastnesses because they favored different gods from those then fashionable or because they had aspired to thrones or to the smiles of others' wives or concubines. Everywhere in the silent passes and still gorges one finds the crumbling ruins of their little stone huts, and at night it is not hard to fancy that the walling winds of Gobi carry their ghost-shrieks over the moon-mantled crags.

Far up in the lonely Nakhir gorges Li Seng's mansion of exile gleamed like a pearl on dusky hair. The hills are very black at this point with dirty obsidian, and the house itself was of milk marble, carried on camel back from distant quarries in Imlakar. I stared unbelievably at that mansion. Then I marveled at Li Seng's audacity. For the place was built in three great superimposed towers, with the green tile roofs and architectural dimensions of the Temple of Heaven!

It was a daring thing to do, even in ghostly Nakhir, where the moonlight makes men mad and their subsequent tales generally discredited. The moonlight danced now on the green tile and shimmered over the marble walls in a molten flood until the structure was radiant as pearl.

A dog yapped in the first terrace and lights danced about in front of the great gate as we approached. A voice called upon us to halt. I called out that I was Moy Yang Fo, mandarin of the third order, Manchu of the White Banner and Harvard friend of the great Prince Li Seng. Immediately the gate swung open and my little cavalcade filed in.

LI SENG himself met me on the third terrace, older and stouter and very white of head and beard. He greeted me warmly, but of gossip that he did not know I had little indeed. His own secret emissaries kept him informed regarding the chaos in the Forbidden City.

"And the Hell Cat of Hsien Feng," he croaked, "has gone to join him! May she find the souls of her ancestors slaves to an imbecile Canton coolie! Yet I miss her. Every day I ascended into the tower of Lao-Tzse to curse her memory. It is rather a deprivation not to have such a pastime, but I manage somehow."

"Lao-Tzse!" I exclaimed in astonishment. "Are you then embracing Taoism?"

"Yes," he replied seriously. "I have studied all gods, and he is not the least among them. When I was summoned for

the last audience with that drooling hag of the Western Place I made a propitiation to Lao-Tzse. Surely after these centuries in Paradise he is himself a Deity! I should have made a second offering, but delayed. Yet for the first was I saved from execution! So out of my own hand I have wrought an image of the Old One as an infant. And before it Melana prays daily."

"Melana?" I queried.

He smiled.

"I believe you were present when some allusion was made to a brat born of a foreign devil? Well, that is Melana. It is a foreign and outlandish name, but her mother insisted, and my Manchu pride in a half-caste offspring is not great. Melana!"

He touched a great gong that roared throughout the whole building. There was a patter of feet, and through the great silk portieres stepped the girl.

Her face was as white as camel's milk, her hair as black as the great cliffs of the Ko-wang. Her lips were full and the tint of ripened pomegranates, and her eyes were large and black as a pool in the moonlight. She smiled upon her father and stood there in the jacket and trousers of gray silk that he was pleased to have her wear. I never knew the woman of the streets that was her mother, but she must have been of large frame and handsome.

For Melana the Beautiful was taller than her father, and at 17 her form was fairer than the fairest of the north province Manchu maidens. Her feet had never been bound, and she walked lithe and graceful as the tigers that roar in the Nakhir gorges. She stood a moment in the doorway and then came over and smiled and placed her arm around her father.

IT WAS a singular familiarity. It was not Manchu etiquette. Li Seng read my thoughts.

"But she is not a Manchu," he said, smiling. "We have the hissing hell cat's word that she is half-caste spawn! And because her mother was as beautiful as she of the Western Palace was ugly I have reared her in Occidental customs. Have you ever seen finer?" He turned her around, grasping her slender shoulders, so that she must stare up at me. She did this impudently and with a moue. I was revolted.

"I will do the girl the honor of assuming that she is no slave for sale," I said stiffly, "to be exhibited for curves and grace! Yet it is not good form for her to thrust out her tongue at elderly men when they come to have bread and salt under her father's roof!"

I had spoken in English, which we both knew so well. The girl interrupted me.

"You are a funny old man," she said coolly, "with little eyes and pock-marked features. Did you think I should want to love you, old leather face?"

I was startled that the girl should know English. But teaching the foreign devil tongue to her was no doubt part of Li Seng's mad scheme of revenge. And it occupied dreary hours as well.

"If the gods had seen fit to burden me with one such," I said severely, "she should achieve her choicest wit at the expense of the bastinado! Where is the reverence and humility that is the veil for female unworthiness?"

Li Seng laughed, and the flame of madness burned in his eyes.

"For the great god Lao-Tzse she is reverent enough," he said. "As for mortals, I myself have encouraged her freedom of tongue and quick disdain. What has become of those who taught us manners in our youth, Moy Yang? The flesh eaters dedle their halls and the rabble of the street hoot their names. The old order passes. Let the new have new precepts."

After she had gone we stood in the

light. We knew he was here, so we didn't bother, but some way tonight—"

"You were drawn here?" asked Stetson softly.

The color rose into her face, but she did not answer.

"I'm sorry you have to go out hunting for your uncle at night alone," said Stetson.

"But what is there to do?" she asked simply. "Mother is not well and we cannot allow him to wander about all by himself. He might get lost and badly frightened."

Stetson glanced over at the old man, now talking earnestly to Hutchinson. "He is a sad enough figure," he said.

"Yes," said the girl; "he has been with us only a few months. His wife died and he was so lonely that we took him into our home."

"But two women—" began Stetson.

"Oh, my uncle is quite harmless," said the girl quickly. "It is only that he needs watching. We think grief affected his mind. He was quite all right before his wife died."

"He was very much in love with his wife?" asked Stetson.

"Yes." The girl's eyes filled with light. "They were never separated while she lived."

His hand, lying near hers, crept a little nearer. His eyes sought hers, and for a moment they remained in a strange and exquisite silence.

Suddenly the girl broke the spell.

"I must take my uncle home," she said. She went around the table and touched her uncle on the shoulder.

"We must go, dear," she said in the caressing voice she would have used to a child. "It is getting late."

He looked in an irritated way at her, perhaps because he had found a good listener in Hutchinson, and so resented the girl's interruption. And then suddenly with a gasping cry he fell back.

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THE girl tried to keep him from slipping to the floor; Stetson and Hutchinson sprang to her aid. Stetson eased the drooping figure into the chair. But it was the efficient waiter who came on wings bearing a glass of tinkling ice water. Quickly he sprinkled a few drops on the unconscious man's face, held the glass to the white lips.

In a little while the old man opened his eyes, closed them again with a weary sigh.

"Oh, gentlemen!" cried the waiter. "Let us get him away somewhere before the other guests notice."

"The best way," said Stetson promptly. His quiet commands dominated, and in a moment, Stetson at one side, the waiter on the other, they were supporting the old man, guiding his tottering footsteps toward a little unoccupied house across the garden which the waiter indicated. Hutchinson and the girl

walked behind, she wringing her hands and uttering low little sounds of distress.

The waiter opened the door. "He can rest here," he said, "for a time."

The one large room into which all five persons presently stepped contained a lounge, a lamp sending out a dreary light, a table and two chairs, all covered with dust.

"My uncle will be all right," said the

over his shoulder. "Do you really believe your uncle is a helpless imbecile? Why, he is one of the cleverest spies in America."

He did not wait for any answer she might give, but returned to his captive.

"Well, Kenyon," he said, "you really thought you'd get something tonight, didn't you?"

The old man did not reply.

"I thought you were crafty," said

"Here's your prisoner," said Stetson without turning. And at that word the girl rushed forward to her uncle's side.

"Oh!" she cried, "say it isn't true! Say it isn't true!"

The old man turned to look at her, then back again to Stetson, still holding the ugly short gun.

"I should like to give Annabelle some token to put on my wife's grave," said the old man. "Every Sunday I go out to

where she lies. This Sunday I shall miss."

"Very well," said Stetson, not relaxing his vigilance.

The old man put his hand into his pocket and drew forth a little myrtle leaf. It fluttered from his fingers to the floor, and as every eye involuntarily watched its descent once more the old man's fingers sought his breast.

With a lightning move he brought out a dagger, plunged it to his heart.

He stood a moment erect. The blood spurted from his side, but color seemed to mount to his withered cheek.

"I have done my duty!" he cried in a ringing voice.

One of the uniformed men caught the body as it reeled, eased it to the floor. The other slipped a pair of handcuffs on the waiter.

"We will wait here," he said to Stetson, "till the garden is cleared."

"My taxi is outside when you need it," said Stetson, and then to the girl: "Come!"

Obediently she stepped out with him into the summer world. From the musicians' stand came sounds of wondrous

music. The one ringing shot had not been heard, or at least not heeded. Had the night been going on unending while the tragedy within had been enacted?

Apparently, for as Stetson and the girl moved down a tree-lined aisle pretty women laughed softly; men answered their laughter, looked into their eyes, were moved by many sweet impulses.

When they came to the large gate opening into a wide road the girl whose uncle lay dead, martyr to an unworthy cause, stood still.

"You need go no farther with me," she said proudly.

"But I may wish to go—all the way with you," Stetson answered.

The girl gave him a quick, frightened glance, then looked quickly about. Hutchinson was close behind them.

"Oh!" she cried, "perhaps you think I knew—about my uncle?"

But Stetson answered quietly:

"Give my heart credit for knowing you at once," he said. His eyes sought hers with a deep meaning in them. "I came here tonight seeking romance," he finished. "I found the whole world—intrigue, the game, and love!"

The girl did not reply, but an answering flame leaped to her eyes.

Stetson turned.

"You will remember, Hutchinson," he said, "what I have often said about your disappearing qualities."

Hutchinson stood a moment gazing at his friend. Then his eyes turned to the girl, and with a little relinquishing sigh he moved off down the long road.

[Continued, 1914, by J. Keely]



He stood a moment erect.  
"I have done my duty!" he  
cried in a ringing voice.

Stetson, "but you did not return the compliment. Come now, wouldn't I have been crazy to show my hand, talk of formulas and important matters like that in a public restaurant if I had not had a reason—the desire to lead you on?"

"Americans are all fools!" said the old man.

"So your esteemed employer thinks," said Stetson, "and because of that belief he's in for some wickedly bad times, Kenyon."

He paused, to continue:

"Your code was good, too. 'Spinal meningitis,' to let your confederate, our waiter, know that I was your man. 'Conscientious undertaker,' to convey that you supposed I had valuable papers on my person—not bad at all. You have a sense of humor, Kenyon, though you overstepped yourself in shadowing me the last seven nights."

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YOU think you're onto the whole game," said the waiter, sneering.

"Why, yes," said Stetson calmly. "Your game was simply to get me in here and then overpower me—take everything that looked promising away from me. Well, your game's up!"

Quicker than any eye could follow his movement, Stetson directed his revolver to the ceiling and fired, then covered the old man again. In a moment, it seemed, answering the signal two uniformed men stepped into the room.



ent moonlight and stared over the great gorges and up at the tremendous peaks of the Khangai. Li Seng spread out his hands and the light glinted on his rustling robes and long finger nails.

"Here is a wilderness kingdom," he said. "A desert of mystery with only the tigers and moonlight and mad Buddhist hermit monks to keep us company. I love the stillness when Lao-Tzse whispers to me, and the white play of the moon which creates strange purple shadows and ghost shapes that wall in the ceaseless night winds.

A cat—a great green-eyed, tailless creature from Gobi—sped across the third terrace. Li Seng stared after it. The light in his eyes was wild, and I feared almost to stand beside him: I heard the servants singing in the mud huts behind the marble magnificence of the tower and knew that my retainers were being entertained.

Beyond us, on the right, the first terrace crept to the very edge of the gorge. Below the hawks wheeled of summer afternoons and the sun glinted on their motionless wings like gold foil on the Sacred Pheasant.

"What are the petty intrigues of the old court days to this?" he said. "Here one breathes in philosophy rather than reads it from ancient scrolls. I work in metals and chemicals. Come, I will show you the Eyes of Lao-Tzse!"

Desert silence and much brooding will do that to the minds of men. I knew that Li Seng's madness was a progressive thing. I was glad that my stay would be brief. But I followed him through many passages and up the winding marble stairs. Finally we emerged in the third tower, arched like the sky and decorated sacrilegiously in the very same blue tints that adorn the dome of the Temple of Heaven in distant Peking.

Across from us, in the center of the area and on a great circular onyx altar, stood the image of the Old One, Lao-Tzse. It was a grotesque thing, for the mad mandarin had seized upon the legend of his birth. A monstrously fat infant squatted upon the altar, with long white hair and beard. It was the Lao-Tzse of legend, the Old One, born at 72 years of age, an old man! I would have laughed, but Li Seng watched me, and I feared the consequences of mirth.

"The eyes," he said; "what think you of them?"

I had been staring at those eyes. One was green and one was white, but both turned luminously and cast a faint radiance over that grotesque baby face and the long beard. I marveled that those great eyes could gleam so uncannily, and an awed feeling crept into my bones.

FROM the family gods I took the Orchid of Azur, the great purple diamond," said Li Seng, "for one of the eyes. The other is a huge emerald I found in the gray rock back of the mad hermit's monastery. I ground it with flake obsidian until there were facets enough to gleam. Then with the radium I had rendered out of pitchblende—a whole handful—I made them bright. For two years, while I graved the image out of black marble, they remained in the leaden flask with the powdered chemical hurtling its mysterious light rays through

their substance. When I took them out they shriveled the palms of my hand black before I could insert them in the sockets. And now by night they gleam with the light which is as the soul of the Old One himself. Has anything been so strange?"

I could not humor such useless ingenuity.

"Even at school in America, Li Seng," I declared, "I knew you were a genius."



"Take me, Lao-Tzse!" she cried, "beyond the starlight, where it is always morning and the rose petals are bright as the Eye of Azar!"

with chemicals, but I have come in my gray hairs to learn that you are also a fool."

He gripped my arm, the silver sheaths of his finger nails tinkling.

"Stop," he whispered, "Melana comes to pray."

We receded into the shadows, and the girl, all robed in white silk, stepped softly into the room. She made the threefold obeisance to the image and then knelt huddled before it. Her black hair rested upon her hands and gleamed like polished ebony in the moonlight.

"Oh, Lao-Tzse, the Old One," she said in kind of a chant, "thou heaven blest! Answer the prayer of the maiden of two bloods. Make me always wise, Lao-Tzse—and take me away from here!"

She straightened up and looked at the great radium-fueled eyes of the idol, and the expression on her face froze the smile on my lips. Hitherto I had smiled at that truly feminine prayer—"take me away from here." It was the naive flattery of a child asking a great favor. She was lonely. She wanted youth and love

and excitement, for that is the nature of Russian blood, however diluted with the more emotionless Mongol strain. But the look in her eyes as she stared at the bulbous face of Lao-Tzse? How may I write that?

It is difficult in gray hairs and rheumatic twinges to write of the light in a woman's eyes when she talks to her man or her god! But if I could have seen such a light in the eyes of a woman of

to Russia. In the meantime it is just as well that she prays to an image of the Venerable One."

I was seized with a sudden loathing for Li Seng. I was sorry that I had braved the heat of the deserts and the chill of the mountain passes to visit him. For to sneer at one's own race and customs is the least conceit a man can own. To have educated the girl to be a dupe to superstition was also but feeble humor. He and I had made a compact to be consistent as freethinkers in our school days in America. I reminded him of that.

"America is far away," he said, yawning. "Shall you awaken for first rice?"

My room was a beautiful affair, furnished with the inland teak that had graced the old house of the banished mandarin. It must have taken a vast number of taels and much pains to freight it over Gobi. But in the mountain solitudes Li Seng had perfectly reproduced the choicest portions of old Peking. I slept well, for a bed is

a relief after weeks with only desert sand and tarpaulin. In the morning I walked about the place, drinking in its beauty and reflecting that many a great ascetic would have envied Li Seng his green oasis and shadowy gorges there beneath the castellated peaks of the Khangai range.

The girl walked with me, pattering with no malice over the affair of the preceding evening. With her romped an ugly Turkistan cur for whom she had greatest affection. And because Li Seng's attitude prompted it, I poisoned her mind with tales of the great outside world. That afternoon she prayed again before the image of Lao-Tzse. In the clear daylight the eyes were just two great sparkling stones, the diamond perfectly cut and the emerald roughly shaped to gleam on all its faces.

I remembered the Orchid of Azur so called for its color resemblance to the flower—as the largest and finest diamond I have ever seen, not excepting the Great Mogul. Who, I reflected, but an arrant lunatic would carve out a huge monstrosity with a baby face and long beard, to wear it as an eye! Yet the genius with which he had obtained radium by atomic dispersion from pitchblende compelled my grudging admiration. The world would have acclaimed that process.

I was present when the roan mule lurched into the courtyard. Upon it, bubbling with the delirium of thirst and hunger, rode a young white man. His hair was a golden bronze and his eyes—wide and staring and showing too much white—were very blue. It was an event for Li Seng, and he made much ado about bringing the newcomer food and drink.

In a day's time he was talking intelligibly. He had been out on an exploration party in north Gobi. The republican government, he said, had sent him. They heard that there were great manganese deposits there with which to stiffen the steel they make at Nang Kuen. A sandstorm dispersed their caravan. He had ridden alone for days. Now he was glad to rest. I noted the girl Melana watching him intently, and as Occidentals go with their pallid skins and sharp features—he was passingly handsome.

I loaned him my own razor that afternoon, from a mere esthetic desire to see him at least looking his best.

He shaved his red beard and donned the white ducks Li Seng had kept in memory of the tennis courts at Cambridge. He expressed wonderment on his

another generation I would have faced the brimstones of the Christian hell smiling. No hand may write description of that look. It was the ultimate in faith and trust and love! There was not finer in the faces of the nuns who prayed in the Cathedral of Notre Dame!

Li Seng did not smile. But after we crept away through another arch he laughed.

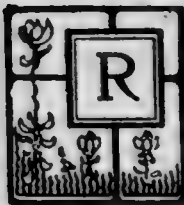
"To her," he said, as if it were a capital jest, "there is no inviolable Delty. That is Lao-Tzse. Her mother tried to teach her otherwise, but one night she walked straight over the edge of the first terrace out into the space where the night hawks wheeled and soared."

MELANA was very young. She was chubby and red cheeked and merry. Had we lived in Peking I might never have noticed her, for it is not the Manchu method to rejoice in female children. But here in exile she was a constant companion. When she is a few years older we shall go north, perhaps, and west to Ulanabat, and thence through

# A NIGHT TO REMEMBER

By Emily Calvin Blake

Illustrated by J. Allen St. John



RAYMOND STETSON came into his friend's room in his usual impetuous fashion.

"Come along, Hutch," said Raymond; "I want to hear some music."

John Hutchinson looked up slowly from his book. He had thought for one night to be happy among his own idols.

But "Hutch" rose and limped toward his dressing-room. It could be seen that one leg was perceptibly shorter than the other, an infirmity that had prevented Hutch giving himself to his country, as every atom of him yearned to do.

He paused at the door of the smaller room.

"Where tonight, Ray?" he asked.

"Same place," said Stetson; "I love that wonder garden, Moorlands."

"But," said Hutchinson, protesting feebly, "every night for a week! Surely you're stalking romance too hard!"

"Never," said Stetson with his irresistible smile; "besides I feel in my heart the right girl is abroad tonight—and tomorrow I may be hundreds of miles away."

Stetson was in the employ of the government, and was moved about from place to place with little warning given.

Hutchinson, with another sigh, went on into his dressing-room, and shortly emerged dressed to accompany Stetson to his appointment—with romance.

"Sometimes," said Stetson, "when one seeks romance, he finds danger. So take this." He handed Hutchinson a small automatic.

Downstairs stood a waiting taxicab, into which the friends entered. The machine sped for many miles down smooth boulevards, through crowded parks, out beyond the parks and stretches of fine homes to Moorlands.

The young men alighted, Stetson with a nod at the driver, who answered in kind and drove away, to return at 11 as per instructions.

Stetson led the way through the big iron gates to a table set in seclusion not too far from the music and near a magnificent old tree and a quaint garden bed of vivid flowers. A tiny fountain twinkled near. Shrouded incandescents hung about on the tree branches; little shaded sandies were on every table. White-coated waiters glided about, but the clinking of china and glass did not rudely break into the exquisite strains of music coming from the raised platform.

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THE table Stetson selected had four chairs about it, but it was the table at which Stetson and Hutch had sat for seven nights, and their waiter was a friendly chap who alertly tended to their wants. Now he approached with a pleasant good evening and went away with their simple order.

Pretty women arriving and departing made a pleasant little diversion for those who enjoyed pretty women more than they enjoyed sweet music. Stetson, with appreciative eyes, watched the scene till the waiter returned bearing two tall glasses, which he set down before the young men.

They had finished their drinks and pushed them aside when a man came down the aisle looking for a place to sit, evidently, Stetson's table, with the two empty places, attracted him, and he approached timidly. He was a little old man, with thin gray hair and a deprecating manner. The hat he held in his hand bore a dull mourning band, which lent an additional touch of pathos to a wholly pathetic figure.

"May I sit here, gentlemen?" he asked.

"Certainly," said Stetson pleasantly.

The little old man sank down. His long white hands moved nervously as he

Two young men go forth in search of romance and adventure. An up to the minute story with clever surprises and startling climax

fingered the menu card. At last he sank into an attitude of relaxation.

Hutchinson controlled a smile. Was this shabby little old man Stetson's romance? He stole a glance at his friend's face, but it was expressionless.

The waiter approached with a frown. Stetson's tips were liberal, and perhaps Stetson was annoyed at this intrusion. The waiter, beginning an apology, and looking about to see where the little old man might be seated, was reassured by Stetson's cordial tones saying that he did not mind; he had come for music and he could hear just as well at a full table as at an empty one.

The waiter moved away, carrying with him the old man's meager order, a cup of coffee.

"Hutch," said Stetson, "you remember my telling you, long before I entered the employ of the government, that I was experimenting along certain lines?"

"I remember," said Hutchinson; "you were trying to disengage aluminum from its compounds."

"And failed," said Stetson. "But there was another experiment, and if that could be brought to perfection it would mean the circumventing of the greatest enemy the world has ever known!"

Hutchinson's face glowed.

"Ray!" he said, "you don't mean—"

Stetson patted his pocket with a little significant touch.

"Near completion," he said; then suddenly closed his lips tightly and set listening to the music.

The waiter returned with the old man's coffee, and the old man suddenly sat up straight and took a great gulp of the steaming hot liquid. Life renewed seemed to flow through his veins.

"Have either of you gentlemen ever had spinal meningitis?" the old man inquired.

Hutchinson turned his head aside to smother the quick grin that spread over his countenance. Even the waiter was disturbed out of his imperturbability.

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STETSON, to relieve the tension, said quickly: "Bring coffee, club sandwiches and cigars."

The waiter moved off, still trying to control his mirth. Stetson and Hutchinson looked expectantly at the little old man, but he had fallen into a lethargy. His eyes were fixed upon the tablecloth.

The orchestra, after an intermission, began some wondrous thing, and under cover of its strains Stetson spoke again in a low tone to his friend.

"Hutch, old man, this may be my last night for music for a long time. I wonder if we'll ever sit together again here?"

Hutchinson felt a strange sinking at his heart. With all a man's fervor in friendship, he loved Stetson. His silence was eloquent, and Stetson understood.

## "BUT---"

By Ethel M. Colson

"LIFE is only for the living," said the boy, quiet voice and manner averting suspicion of intentional dramaticism.

"A fellow's life is about the only thing that's really his all his own, and if he chooses to offer it up bravely instead of keeping it for cowardly comfort he surely has a full right to the sacrifice. But—"

"Yes, but—" the girl began softly.

"But me no buts," the boy interrupted firmly. "I've considered—and rejected—all the buts possible, and so how mother. It was hard for both of us to think of it, at first, because we're alone and so fond of each other, but—"

"Yes, but—" the girl began. But again the boy's calm voice gently overrode her.

"But, of course," he said, "the mood in which a fellow goes must make a lot of difference. The thing I hate most to think of is loneliness. Mother'll be lonely here, you see, and I'll be lonely there, and it will be hard on us. But if I only had some one to leave with her, some one to take with me—in my heart—we'd both be comforted a little. But—there's no one. A fellow might—might ask some one, I suppose—but—"

"But he hasn't," the girl murmured. "But if he should—"

"But it would be selfish of me, seeing that he—he might not come back," the boy said very low and earnestly. "If he were sure of being lucky it would be different, but—"

"But she knows all that," the girl answered sweetly. "She's thought of it often and wished she could tell him how she felt about it. A girl might be left lonely too, you know, laddie; she might even prefer to take the risk with—with a fellow. But there are—well, a girl can't say, decently, even in words, and—perhaps this is one of them. But if the conventions were different—"

"But you don't mean—" the boy questioned.

"But I do!" the girl said then softly. "I suppose I shouldn't have gone so far, but—"

"But me no buts," I tell you," the boy adjured her, rendering further speech impossible. "The time for 'butting' is over. But if—I don't suppose," with pleading humility, "you'd be willing to marry me to-night, since I'm going tomorrow, but—"

But she was—and did.



"You think you'll leave soon, then?" said Hutchinson after a time.

"Probably tomorrow," said his friend. At the moment the waiter returned with the orders. As he was disposing them about the old man spoke again.

"For your sakes, gentlemen," he said, "I am glad you were never afflicted with spinal meningitis. I was stricken with that fell disease and my relations and friends thought me dead."

"Indeed!" said Stetson.

"Yes; even the attending physician pronounced me dead."

"But you are here and alive."

"Yes; true." The old man lowered his voice. "Gentlemen, let me implore you to make arrangements for your last obsequies with a conscientious undertaker."

"Only because a conscientious undertaker was called in am I sitting here with you tonight. A man by the name of Smith, this undertaker, who remembered me as having once done him a kindness. He discovered life in a body that had been turned over to him for preparation for the last sad rites."

"A conscientious undertaker shall be searched for on the morrow," said Stetson calmly, while Hutchinson again strangled his mirth. What bespoke his chief amusement was the fact that Stetson, coming here to these gardens' night after night for romance, had stumbled into this ludicrous situation.

And while Hutchinson was thus enjoying himself fate laughed at him, for at the moment, weaving her way through the small tables set about, came a girl.

She was searching, palpably, and when she came to Stetson's table she stopped and put her ungloved hand over her heart.

The girl was very young, very slender, and as she stood in the soft glow of the shrouded lights, very appealing. She wore a little blue suit with a white crepe collar setting her small, disturbed face into relief. But with all her seeming fragility she seemed filled with vitality, a vitality that strangely matched Stetson's.

The old man turned and looked at the girl. And then in a sweet, searching voice she cried out.

"Uncle! You ran away again after promising not to!"

"You are always looking for me, following me about," he answered plaintively. "One would think me not responsible."

Stetson, who had risen at first sight of the girl, saw that her lips trembled. He pulled out the vacant chair which was next to his own and she sank into it with a little murmured "Thank you."

"Your uncle has been telling us some of his interesting experiences," said Stetson.

She turned her eyes upon him, and he saw that they were very dark and had long lashes. Stetson had been seeking his lady of dreams. Had she at last appeared? Was she this little girl in a shabby blue dress with a white sailor collar, a simple hat with a little, beseeching feather?

He cast a look at Hutchinson, and Hutchinson understanding rose nobly to the occasion. He engaged the old gentleman in a conversation, and so Stetson devoted himself whole-souledly to the girl, allowing his sandwich and coffee to go stone cold.

"Your uncle is a trifle hard to manage," he asked encouragingly.

"Yes," she answered in a low voice. And then: "My name is Annabelle Stockton, and I live near here with my mother. My uncle is my mother's brother."

"I see," he answered.

She leaned a little closer to him.

"You have guessed my uncle—"

"Has fancies," he finished for her.

"Sometimes he is very naughty, like a child," she went on. "He runs away. He loves music, and lately he has been running away to this garden, night after



face, as do most Occidentals, and he wondered at everything. He marveled at the magnificence of his host's home, the elfin beauty of the girl and the purity with which three benighted Orientals spoke English. He did not say so in words, but we who read expression divined as much.

And assiduously he paid court to Melana. After the second or third day a new inspiration for chemistry seized upon Li Seng. He went back to his laboratory and invited me to watch him making fearful fumes and powders out of "aqua regia" and a queer gray-brown mineral. I asked instead to see the radium. A hundred and forty grams of it he had, and we talked idly of what it would purchase in Europe or America.

Out on the terrace rose the laughter of the girl and this manganese-questing jackanapes who lost himself on the stretches of Gobi. It seemed strange to see him there, in the Oriental terrace garden, with his red-bronze hair and the white flannels that were so ridiculously small for him. I don't know what they talked about. I supposed he boasted and she lied, which is the customary preliminary to the "game of hearts," as you Europeans would say.

But when I sauntered into the temple of Lao-Tsze that afternoon she was showing him the image. And unabashed before his puzzled scrutiny she made prayers to the Old One—in Manchu! He watched her a little, but it was not the figure on the floor that claimed most of his attention. I saw the flame of excitement in his blue eyes as he stared at the Orchid of Azur. Lao-Tsze looked past him, out through the open arch and across the great Nahkir gorges, already deepening in the crimson and purple shadows of the Khangai sunset. Into the emerald and diamond eyes had crept the queer luminous gleam that made them as bright by night as by day.

Up in the laboratory, old and fat and feeble, Li Seng slaved with his retorts, obtaining by atomic dispersion more pure radium. I think the girl, with that strange worshipful look in her eyes for the first man she had ever seen who was young and white and handsome, tried to tell him of these things.

I heard her praying the next afternoon, praying and sobbing and crouching before the grotesque old-infant with the rotund face and jeweled eyes. Lao-Tsze was heedless, as are all pampered gods to whom beautiful women pray. But the girl was torn with the two great emotions in a woman's soul—love of man and love of Deity.

"Shall I rob you of your eyes, Lao-Tsze, to make glad the heart of the Golden Man?" she prayed. "Will you see the sunset without the Eye of Azur?"

I stole over softly. In my old heart is little romance, but a great hatred for deception.

"You talk," I said severely, "to a graven image of senseless rock. The diamond will buy you many silks and the finest of rice and wine in far countries. Pluck it out and steal forth with the Golden Man in the purple of the sunset. Ride down the dim trail of youthful dreams. You have but once to live. And the living of love makes the blood hot in the heart!"

She turned on me like a young tigress. "I pray because Lao-Tsze the Old One is great and good," she said. "When I was a young child I prayed to be beautiful. The polished silver mirror says I am! When I was older I prayed that I might find a man with hair like the sunset and eyes like the August sky. He has come to me. Shall I heed a gray-headed old fool?"

And in the presence of her staring god she puckered her creamy face and pomegranate lips in the old mope and stuck out her rosy tongue. Truly the blood of the Manchus was but as water in her veins. Yet I, too, smiled.

YOUR Golden Man would have you steal the eyes of the great god Lao-Tsze, who brought him for you out of the mists of Gobi," I said. "How do you account for that?"

She flew at me like a tiger, scratching my face until the blood trickled upon my jacket. I hurried her off and she fell limp and unresisting at the feet of that monstrous idol. It is strange, but I was shaking like the aspen at dusk, and my knees would hardly bear me up. For the look in her eyes was the look of a fiend, and it is not good to see that in the rose petal face of youth.

I drank tea that day sadly, and knocked upon the door where the crazed chemist made more mysteries out of the strange ores of the dreary hills. Sunset came and shadows in the great Nahkir gorges and flaming pennons in the sky over the silhouetted peaks of the mighty Khangais. In the evening the accented silks swayed with the breezes that come from cooling Gobi, and the girl crept through the shadows to stare at the luminous eyes of Lao-Tsze and sob at his grotesque feet.

Later, on the edge of the first terrace, where the gorge deepened into listless

ebony shadows, the white man stood with her and held her slender shoulders. I, who am old and conscienceless, eavesdropped for the faint flicker of youth it fanned in my senile heart. Then in the wondrous moonlight her round bare arms crept up and closed softly like satin bands around his neck.

Up in the throneroom of the Old One Lao-Tsze stared with radium-brightened eyes across the western wilderness, and in his potassium-lighted alcove Li Seng made mystery with the crazed memory of an honorable course in science. Back in the servants' quarters there was no chanting, and I knew that strange things were afoot.

I took off my shoes and donned the felt slippers a Manchu mandarin considers essential to so many purposes. Then I silently ascended the spiral stairs and hid in the deepest shadows of the Temple of the Aged Infant. I was there but briefly before the Golden Man, as Melana called him, came into the room. He was shoeless, and in his attitude was the unmistakable mien of stealth. I knew then why I thought I had espied some animal tethered that evening far down the pass below the court gate.

The statue of Lao-Tsze was a huge and ponderous thing, as tall as a man in its squatting posture, and many times as thick. The young man vaulted up on the circular altar and stood still again in the shadows, just outside the luminous play of the jeweled eyes. In the silence I thought I heard silk rustling, but the cool night breezes belled the curtains, and I was not certain that they had not made the sound.

Then his hand crept forward and out into the radiance of that leering, bearded face. It closed over the Eye of Azur. As it did so I saw a hand from the other side of the squat idol grope forward from the shadow. It was a small hand, white and transparent in the rays from the radium-impregnated stones. It held what I thought was a chisel. As it crept into the socket crevice of the great emerald I heard the man gasp. His hand reached over and grasped hers firmly, dragging her around to the front of the altar.

"You!" she exclaimed sharply. "You—were stealing the Eyes of Lao-Tsze?" "Yes," he said. "I—I intended to take you away with me—tonight—down the Nahkir gorges and into the great desert."

But he said it falteringly, and in the flat tones of little conviction. The girl's stricken eyes ranged from the man to her god. Then the red lips that made such unpudent moans curved in a smile. Her

hands crept slowly up into the opposite sleeves of the silken jacket. It was a signal we of the Orient understand. But she drooped toward him.

"We will go," she said carelessly. "Golden Man—we will go away—"

Her hands crept around his neck. I saw the steel poised over the man's shoulder, but he was unheeding. Then, impelled by the white, transparent hand, it sank sharply downward, just in front of the shoulder. He coughed and shuddered and sank down on the altar. The girl cried out in a great sob.

TAKE me, Lao-Tsze!" she cried. "Take me beyond the starlight, where it is always morning and the rose petals are bright as the Eye of Azur! For my heart is dead in me with love for the Golden Man, who is a thief and a liar, but whose soul-slave I am!"

It was a brief prayer, and as she sped by me I saw the strange look in her eyes. The Golden Man lay crumpled up on the altar, his wide eyes staring up to the blue dome and shining in the reflection of the luminous orbs of Lao-Tsze. I looked out of the window casually. Down in the purple moonlight Melana was running swiftly across the first terrace.

I have but little emotion in my old frame, monsieur. My blood is cold and slow, but I forebore to look long at that slender girl in her shimmering robes. I knew she sped toward the long shadows of the Nahkir gorge, where the hawk circles with motionless wings in the summer sunshine. After she had gone to the place—let us hope, agnostics though we be!—where all is gleaming rose petals and realized love, I went up and pounded upon the door where Li Seng made mysteries with acids.

Heavy fumes came out, and silence. One of the crazed chemist's experiments had generated carbon monoxide. It is a common error, and one for which there is no antidote!

I stood long on that terrace, peering into the shadows of the ghostly Gorge of Nahkir. Below the tigers roared in the gloom, assembling for the blood of the Hill. And in my heart was a great question. Melana herself was obviously preparing to steal the jewels. Did she then kill him to avenge her god or rather to avenge the sting in her own bosom that makes a woman scorn the equal of the Gobi adder in cold fury?

For in the shadows of the mountain pass below the courtyard only one mule was tethered!

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## WHY MARRY?

### Chapter III.

#### Conventions vs. Desire.



WITH the memory of Helen's kiss, the feel of her warm lips on his, the touch of her arms about his neck to drive sleep away, Dr. Hamilton spent the night in restless pacing back

and forth across his room. Until Helen, his co-worker for many months, upon whom he looked only as another machine besides himself engaged in laboratory work—until she had projected her femininity into his consciousness and had brought about the realization that he wanted her, wanted her as a mate as well as an associate investigator of germs and formulas, he had never thought of the existence of love.

The realization of what Helen the woman meant to him came upon him with the suddenness of an inspiration. The scientist became submerged in the man, and, loving Helen, he pictured her as his wife, marriage intruding itself upon his desires as a matter of course. But he confessed to himself as he walked

Written by H. L. Gates from the play

By Jesse Lynch Williams

Illustrated by F. McAnelly

#### SYNOPSIS.

JEAN MASON induces Res Baker to propose. Her affections are centered upon another man, but financial reasons will not permit a marriage. Helen Mason defied the conventions by staying overnight with Dr. Hamilton at his laboratory while assisting him with some scientific research work, and so her brother sent her abroad to outlive "the episode." The day she returns Dr. Hamilton is offered a year abroad at Mr. Mason's expense, and she is anxious to return with him. The family refuses on the ground of propriety. They are in love, but neither of them believe in marriage. Dr. Hamilton thrusts aside his belief and asks her to be his wife.

the floor throughout the long night, Helen's objection to the mere form of marriage, and the more material obligations which the marriage ceremony impresses upon the state of being in love, had been so much in keeping with his scientific way of looking upon all things that it had been too easy for him to agree with her.

In his heart he knew that they could not divorce their love from marriage; that they could not affront the conven-

tionalties of the world in which they moved, and be happy. It was very unscientific, this confession to himself, for the scientist could comprehend only that the man and woman who love each other should, by virtue of that state of mind, belong to each other. The man, however, within the scientist realized that the woman would pay heavily in the end if society and custom were not propitiated. He wished that Helen would agree to marry him, as well as love him.

Dr. Hamilton was one of the first of the house party to go into the garden where the breakfast tables were set when morning came. He was joined almost immediately by Theodore, who had accepted an invitation from a neighborhood church to substitute in its pulpit that morning for the church's minister, who was ill.

Theodore sensed Ernest's abstraction at once. He put it down to the scientist's newly awakened love for Helen, not knowing what the confession of that love had brought about between them the afternoon before. He tried to penetrate Ernest's reserve with purposeless conversation, but to no avail.

At last he rose, gayly chided Ernest for his glumness, and announced his intention of getting away to his church engagement. The young scientist stopped him.

"Wait a minute. Sit down. I've been listening to what you have been saying, but my thoughts were elsewhere. Let's talk about religion. I'd like to have some of it, and perhaps you can show me the way."

Theodore was astonished. "I had no idea you took any stock in religion!" he exclaimed.

"That's just what I thought until I

# A PAGE ABOUT MUSIC and MUSICIANS

## Educationist's Views on Music in Public Schools

To those who have persistently hoped for the day when the subject of musical instruction in our Canadian schools would be treated with the serious consideration its importance merits, come signs of encouragement. On a recent occasion in seconding a vote of thanks to one who had delivered a lecture on the relation of music to education, a public school inspector expressed himself in perfect accord with the suggestions and ideals of musical instruction in our schools and gave it as his opinion that in the not very far distant future the public schools would make provision for musical instruction.

In this connection more than ordinary interest attaches to the statement of the United States Commissioner of Education, Mr. Claxton, who occupies that post, said: "That music plays an important part in the life of a people and should therefore have an important place in the system of education has been understood by the foremost educators for 3000 years. Among a practical, industrial and

commercial people like ourselves, good music is necessary, not only for enjoyment and recreation, but also for inspiration and for salvation from death in the din and dust of trade; and this music should be democratic in the truest and best sense. This it can never be until it becomes an integral part of the education given in the schools of all grades, as it is in the schools of some other countries. It is through an increasingly clear understanding of this fact that music, not recognized in the course of study of our earliest public schools, has, within the last 25 or 30 years, been introduced to some extent into the schools of most progressive cities and of many towns, villages and country communities, though by many it is still considered unessential and a fad. Sooner or later we shall not only recognize the culture value of music; we shall also begin to understand that, after the beginnings of reading, writing, and arithmetic, and geometry, music has greater practical value than any other subject taught in the school."

## Trifling Music is Better Than None

Taste For Good Music Can Very Often be Acquired Afterwards

In one respect the vogue for rag-time amongst the frivolous and for gospel hymns among the devout is not without value in the process of civilization. It is better to have trifling music than none at all, and frequently enough a musical education has been raised from such an unstable foundation as this. Take, for example, the case of a young Toronto man, who has almost an insane passion for the ditties of the vaudeville stage. He compelled his friends to the piano at all times to play these melodies. To such an extent did he make use of the piano-playing ability of his fiancée that she was driven to a state of boredom with the music that pleased him. None the less she married him, being a young woman of infinite kindness and forgiveness. The young couple had a phonograph, and for a time the husband brought home rag-time and popular records to no end. On one occasion his wife did the choosing. She found a violin record of the Bach-Gounod "Ave Maria" and a piano record of the eleventh Liszt rhapsody. These she brought home and played several times in the hearing of her husband. At first he paid but little attention. On the third repetition he began to get interested. To shorten a long story it is necessary only to say that today the best and finest records are none too good for this young husband, and all the popular stuff is stowed away.

## W. G. Grant, A.T.C.M.

TEACHER OF PIANO

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In like manner a "song service" enthusiast belonging to a city church became a member of the choir, the organist being a man of taste and discretion. He was accustomed to set forth in brief comment the musical merits of the anthems studied by the members. Thus the gospel hymn "fan" got a new vision of the meaning and the power of music and had his whole outlook readjusted.

## PUPILS SHOULD NOT WASTE TIME

The writer has often observed with wonder a certain peculiarly wasteful habit common among music students who are waiting to take a lesson. Instead of taking off their coat and gloves and getting their music out of its case while the previous pupil is finishing or is taking leave, they will almost invariably wait until the teacher is fully at liberty and ready to begin the lesson, and then, and not until then, start their preliminary preparations.

One would think that the high price that music finally be paid for a competent teacher's time would make the pupil anxious to utilize every minute of the hour or half hour which has been engaged, but this is apparently not the case.

With violin pupils the situation is very much aggravated. They will come to the lesson with a broken string, or with one just about to break, and waste at least ten minutes in making the necessary replacement, which should have been attended to before leaving home.

It is a player's first duty to have his instrument and all its accessories at all times in order. A word to the wise, etc.

## Notes on and Off the Line

The great pianist and composer, Liszt, was the first to have the piano placed sideways on the platform. Before that, the pianist either had his back to the audience or faced it.

Most great pianists have small or medium sized hands. A large hand is considered awkward and in the way of the player, while a small one is flexible and elastic. Leopold Godowsky has the smallest hand of any of the leading pianists—de Pachmann, Josef, Tausig, Von Bulow, Carreno or Hofmann.

Puccini is to the front with three operas. They are entitled, "Suora Angelica" (Sister Angelica), "Il Tabarro" (The Cloak), and "Gianni Schicchi." Each opera is in one act, and founded in turn on sentiment, tragedy and humor.

St. Bartholomew's church, New York, is having its present two organ cases in the chancel and one in the gallery—combined into one huge instrument of 122 speaking stops, playing from one console; the pipes, however, remaining for the most part in their present locations.

According to the Musical News of

London, the recital of Chamber Music is one of the most marked and perhaps most strange, features of the war. The London String Quartette has just passed its 50th concert, though it began only as far back as May, 1915.

## OPERA HAS STRONG EDUCATIONAL VALUE

"Opera has always seemed to be a very necessary thing in the state. It has a strong educational value in that it develops the musical taste of the public as well as teaching lessons in history and the humanities in a very forceful manner. Children should be taken to opera as a regular part of their education," said Mme. Frieda Hempel in the course of a somewhat lengthy interview with the Etude. "Opera makes a wonderful impression upon the child's imagination—the romance, the color, the music, the action are rarely forgotten. Many of the operas are beautiful big fairy stories and the little folks glory in them. Parents who desire to develop the taste of their children and at the same time stimulate their minds along broader lines can do no better than to take them to the opera."

"Little towns in Europe often have fine opera houses, while many American cities several times their size have to put up with moving picture theatre houses. Why does not some enthusiastic leader take up a campaign for more opera. With the taste of the public educated through countless talking machine records it should not prove a bad business venture if it is gone about in a sensible manner."

## From Slave Dealer To Hymn-Writer

Taking early to the sea, being whipped as a deserter, falling into the hands of a cruel slave-trader, and making several trips to Africa as a slave-dealer himself, was the early history of that hymn writer, John Newton, whose hymns in the language of the masses are universally loved. But while on his way home to England from Sierra Leone, this openly wicked man ran into a terrible storm, and what seemed to be almost certain shipwreck. While taking his turn at the pump, a change took place in his life. He had a conversion, the old faded and died.

Following his new conversion, he became an Anglican clergyman at the age of 30. Some of his best known hymns are "How Sweet the Name of Jesus Sounds," "Safely through another Week," "Glorious Things of Thee are Spoken, Zion, City of our God," "Come My Soul Thy Sun Prepare," and "While with ceaseless Course the Sun." Newton became a fast friend of William Cowper, the distinguished poet whose life was one long struggle against melancholy.

Together Newton and Cowper produced a collection of sacred songs known as the Olney Hymns. It has been said that Newton suggested the plan which resulted in a collection of 348 hymns, to keep Cowper's mind off himself, thus fighting that spirit of depression.

## AVAILABLE FOR THE MASSES.

A correspondent writes: The striking statement has been made that compared with the stupendous scale on which this war is being waged, there is no outstanding hero. Several generals stand out prominently, but the one responsible for this assertion means there is no one general big enough to stand head and shoulders above all others and above the whole campaign. Persons however prominent fade away at the thought of the gigantic task itself.

And, is that not so with music? There are the great composers whose words are worthy of all praise. But when viewed against the background of all that music has done and is doing for humanity, the great musicians become mere pigmies.

But the party in the first paragraph said something more. He said the hero in this war is the common soldier whose persistent and dogged sticking with the job through mud and gas and wounds was the human agency on which victory depends. The common member of society cannot be considered a hero musically, but it is true that the benefits of music are open to the masses. The great composers did not write their music for a few. They wrote for all. The gifted pianists, vocalists, violinists, orchestras and bands do not play for the few. They perform for all. That is the secret of the phonograph's success. The artists' talents are not buried among the musicians of the crowded cities, but are available throughout the highways and byways of the remotest parts of our country.

## Composed By A Welshman

A Welshman once paid a visit to a Jewish Synagogue in London. He heard a chorister sing the Hebrew creed in thirteen articles—the Shema or Doxology written 1900 years ago and still sung every Friday night in all the synagogues of the world. This made such an impression on the Welshman that under its inspiration he wrote the words of a hymn to go to the tune "Leon," an old Hebrew melody.

That Welshman was Thomas Oliver, and the hymn was "The God of Abraham Praise." The first stanza is:

"The God of Abraham praise,  
Who reigns enthroned above  
Ancient of everlasting days,  
And God of love!  
Jehovah! great I AM!  
By earth and heaven confessed;  
I bow, and bless the sacred name  
Forever blest!"

It is not often sung in church services, perhaps because of its peculiar metre, but it is worthy of more frequent use. Oliver was left an orphan at five years of age, lived with one relative after another until all were tired of him. Then he was apprenticed to a shoemaker. He grew up wicked and for years lived a dissipated life until arrested in his evil ways by the preaching of George Whitefield. From that time until his death in 1848.

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made a great discovery—a very great discovery."

"May I ask if it was a scientific discovery?"

"Yes," said Ernest with excited emphasis, "a scientific discovery, but one which makes all science look like a mere machine."

Theodore was puzzled but too considerate to attempt to draw Ernest out.

"Well, if you feel that way," he said, laying his hand on Ernest's shoulder, "you had better come to church, after all. It is the best place in which to contemplate any new discovery that has to do with the perplexing problems of life."

"I do not want the church, or its soothing. I'm not thinking of the church. I'm talking about religion!"

"No, if that is the way you feel, and what you mean, you are not talking about religion—you are talking about love," said Theodore, knowing well that the mind of the great scientist had been struggling with the problem of Helen's "new womanhood."

Ernest quickly took advantage of the opening Theodore gave him to free his brain of at least a part of his problem.

"Certainly," he said, rising, "religion—love! It's the same thing, isn't it? I'm talking about the divine fire that glorifies life and perpetuates it—the one eternal thing we mortals share with God. If that isn't religion, what is?"

Theodore smiled smugly.

"Tell me, Theodore,"

Ernest continued—"you know I wasn't allowed to go to church when I was young, and since then I've always worked on the Sabbath day—does the holy church still let innocent beings think there's something inherently wrong about sex?"

When Theodore dropped his eyes in silent disapproval of the topic called up by Ernest the latter plainly revealed his mental disgust.

"I see," he said cynically, "the church still teaches that its servants and all other good people should drop their eyes at the mention of the word."

"Sex is a necessary evil, I admit—," began Theodore with a note of protestation.

"Evil!" exclaimed the other. "The God-given impulse which accounts for you sitting there and for me sitting here? The splendid instinct which writes our poetry, builds our civilizations, founds our churches—the very soul of life, you churchmen call evil? Really, Theodore, I don't know much about religion, but that strikes me as blasphemy!"

Ernest drew the minister out until the latter was forced to concede, against the cold, scientific arguments of Dr. Hamilton, that the mating instinct of man and woman was a divine inspiration, but he insisted that only a marriage ceremony could make it a sacrament of religion.

"Then why," demanded Ernest, "practice and preach marriage as a sacrament of property? Why insist that the marriage ceremony be the way of asking 'Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?' Women still are goods and chattels, according to the marriage ceremony, to be given or sold. That is what the church makes of its holy bonds of matrimony. Why marry them with a ring—the link of the ancient chain? In the days of physical force it was made of

iron—now, since we have progressed in our refinements, it is made of gold. But it's still a chain!"

Theodore knew Ernest was seeking to justify, not himself, but Helen. He knew it would be worse than useless to argue. Argument is the chief sustenance of the unbeliever. The minister was glad when John came into the garden for breakfast, even though John was scowling darkly.

Ernest, though he saw his host was in

John interrupted his wife when she attempted to reply.

"My sister is ill, and won't be down at all," he said sharply.

Ernest bowed coldly. He took Theodore's arm, agreeing that he would "after all go to church for an opportunity to think things over."

John exhibited his ill humor for Lucy's benefit as soon as their breakfast had been served. He played his cynical respects to Ernest for attempting to "in-

are you? What I give you is not enough. Never has been. Well, you will have to be satisfied. You have no lover to leave me for, no money to leave on, and no place to leave to. You have no grounds for divorce."

"But you will have grounds a-plenty after I leave you," Lucy urged.

"But I shall not permit any such thing, nor would I take advantage of it if it happened. You belong to me. I have clothed you for years, fed you, housed you, gratified your desires for luxuries and learned to accommodate myself to your being around. I want you to stay. No matter what this ridiculous mood you are in may mean, you belong to me, and I intend to keep you."

Lucy, aroused by the sordidness of her husband's appraisal of their relationship, sprang to her feet.

"You won't let me escape decently, when I tell you I don't want to stay?" she cried down at him. "Not even when I tell you I am sick of this life—this sort of married life. I can't stand being under your roof any longer. I would rather be a slave under the roof of a man I could love, and who would love me, than the most respectable wife in the world in the house of a man like you. I've put up with it all these years because of my sense of duty to you, our friends, and society in general. I'm tired of it!"

John, abashed at the sudden show of temper and resistance from the meek and self-effacing Lucy, attempted to take her into his arms.

She repulsed him.

"Let me alone; you have always been repulsive to me, ever since I first learned your idea of a wife. I never want you to touch me again!"

John, angered, held her arms.

"You are my wife," he said sternly, "and as such you will remain. I am your lawful husband, and I will insist upon my full rights. There will be no divorce in this family!"

Lucy would have torn herself from her husband's grasp had not the judge suddenly appeared.

To the latter the scene before him was an early morning demonstration of conjugal affection. Lucy, true to her years of make-believe, hid her emotion and greeted him gayly.

"I have just had a telegram from Julia, out in Reno," the judge announced, kissing the telegram quite as fervently as if he were a youth receiving a message from an absent sweetheart, rather than a husband about to be divorced.

"Do you get telegrams every day from the wife who is about to cast you off?" asked Lucy.

"Every day," the judge assured her. "You see, she is not used to being without me. When she has a cold she needs my sympathy. When she goes to the theater she must let me know how she enjoys the play. When she gets her divorce she will be sure to come back home to celebrate her freedom with me."

♦ ♦ ♦

WHILE John and Lucy looked on, the judge calmly wrote a telegram to his absent wife, expressing his sympathy for her indisposition, advising her against raising the windows and letting in drafts, reminding her to wear her rubbers if the weather was wet, and filling out his telegram with other repetitions capable of the most heart-breaking swain, and which, at such a distance,



"I am going to release you—I do release you now—fully."

an ill mood, ignored it. He wanted to do what he believed the right thing—to tell Helen's brother that he had asked Helen to marry him, and that, while Helen had refused the ceremony, she had influenced him, in an unguarded moment, to agree to the union.

To Ernest's request for five minutes' interview, John, however, returned a brusque "Haven't had breakfast yet." When Ernest asked if the interview might not be had after breakfast, John abruptly declared that he had an appointment for that time with young Rex.

♦ ♦ ♦

SMILINGLY Ernest declared that he would "wait his turn." John made it evident he would not give Ernest an opportunity to talk with him about Helen if he could prevent it.

"I am going to be pretty busy today," he said coolly, "and you, too, I suppose, since you are sailing for France tomorrow."

"What I have to talk about with you is more important than sailing in a hurry," returned Ernest. "I can postpone that."

As Lucy came into the garden, in breakfast negligee, Ernest turned to her.

"Can you tell me when Helen will be down?" he asked.

veiled Helen into marrying him," as he understood the situation with regard to the scientist and Helen to be only a marriage plan.

"Helen got her own way about going to college when she ought to have been at home landing a proper sort of husband," he declared. "She got her own way about living alone in an apartment and taking up that unwomanly work in the institute, but she will not have her own way now. I've something up my sleeve for that young woman. These modern women must learn their place!"

Lucy listened quietly. She poured her husband's coffee and sugared it—sign of her place in her husband's household. When John had buried himself in his paper, as an indication that he "had had his say," Lucy startled him by quietly, half apologetically, asking him if he would object very much if she should leave his house for good.

With much the same attitude he would adopt toward his factory superintendent should the latter ask him for an advance in salary, basing his claim upon long service and better opportunities elsewhere, John met Lucy's remarkable request as if it were merely a new evidence of his habitually being imposed upon.

"Never satisfied with your position.



TO DIVERT at any time a troublesome fancy run to thy books. They presently fix thee to them, and drive the other out of thy thoughts. They always receive thee with the same kindness.  
—Fuller.

# Gossip of Books of the Day

## Robert J. C. Stead

## The Poet of the Prairies

Robert J. C. Stead, of Calgary, is the only singer of any decided merit that the Canadian west has yet produced. That other Robert, who has won such wide fame with his unconventional Klondike lyrics, is a hinterland poet; his verse is not truly representative of the life and thought of the vast majority of people whom we call Westerners. Robert Service has voiced the varied emotions of miners and adventurers, transients in a wildly beautiful and, in many respects, terrible land of ice and gold. Stead, on the other hand, while living in sight of the ice-crowned Rockies and with the lonely wilderness not many hours distant, centers his gaze upon the prairie country, with its peaceful industry and innumerable problems incidental to the settling of a fertile empire. Occasionally cowboys and smugglers gallop through the foothills of his verse; he has devoted several of the lyrics of his former volumes, "The Empire Builders" and "Prairie Born" to romantic doings in the Alberta of earlier days, but the bulk of his poetry has to do with the affairs and aspirations of wheat-growing patriots. He is a poet neither wild nor woolly; he lives in a community which is beginning to pride itself on its urbanity; he is intensely concerned in the dreams and deeds of ordinary everyday Western Canadians.

One of the signs that Robert Stead is a civilized poet is the patriotic character of his verse. He has been inspired not so much by Phœbus Apollo and the Muses as by the Britannia, who in these days of innumerable war-poems ought to be designated a tenth muse. From the very first the Calgary poet has sung the glories of the Motherland, of Canada, and the Empire. By its very title the present volume continues this strain, and its best lyrics testify to the intense love and admiration of their author for our mother across the sea and all her faithful allies and children who are standing by her in the agonies of the Great War. Perhaps nothing could better illustrate the unity of the Empire than the fact that Mr. Stead's poem on the death of Lord Kitchener has had such wide circulation and, needless to say, such power of appeal. It was written a few hours after the announcement of the great war-lord's death. Through the agency of the Western Associated Press it appeared next day in many of the morning dailies of Canada. It is probably the only Canadian poem that was ever incorporated complete into a telegraphic news service. Later it was copied by the leading newspapers of England, was eulogized by the London "Spectator," was reprinted by English admirers for distribution in the army hospitals of the old land, and subsequently found its way round the world in the press of the east and west. Among the poems called forth by the war this lyric, with its grave

rhythm and restrained passion, will have an honored place.

There is nothing tawdry about Mr. Stead's patriotic verse. He does not allow his fervor to run away with his sense of proportion. In his prebellum verse he mixed praise of Canada with judicious criticism. In "The Charity Ward," written years before the war, he reported the little Canadians who were willing to accept the protection of the British navy without contributing a dollar towards the enormous cost of maintenance. In one of his most scornful poems Mr. Stead declared that Canada was "the Charity Ward of the Empire, a nation only in name." In stinging lines he taunted his fellow-countrymen because of their willingness to receive everything and give nothing in return.

Valiant are ye and haughty, mighty  
In speech and son,  
But ye turn your eyes to heaven  
When the hat is passed along.

The advent of war changed all that, however. The poet's occasion for fault-finding has been removed, and he has been supplied with inspiring themes by a citizen soldiery whose transformation from farmers to warriors he celebrates in his joyous poem, "We Were Men of the Furrow."

Glory in abundant measure has been earned by Canada's heroes at Ypres and Vimy Ridge and in a dozen other fiercely contested fights, glory enough to justify any poet of east or west in composing the strongest panegyrics, but readers of Mr. Stead's war verse in this volume search it in vain for any fulsome or extravagant eulogy. His finest praise of Canada in Flanders is to be found in "The Call," in which he reviews the quiet and ardent response of the dominions overseas in the Motherland's hour of need. Note the echo of the poet's earlier jealousy for the honor of his country in this earnest stanza which closes with words of sonorous and solemn pride,—

And thou, mine own, for whom my  
soul had feared,  
That in that day thy heart should  
shrink and crawl;  
Lest gain and getting, o'er endeared,  
Should leave thee fat and visionless  
withal;  
In peace thy valier side was upper-  
most  
And seared with ends and aims of  
little worth;  
In war, thy sons from coast to coast  
Have made thy name a glory  
through the earth.

The mood in which Mr. Stead has conceived and written the most powerful war poems of this volume is expressed in the central lyric, "Why Don't They Cheer?" After reading that pensive interpretation of the war sadness in our hearts, which forbids noisy demonstrations of farewell to those departing for the valley of the dreadful shadow, we can understand why Mr. Stead avoids the hip-hip-hurrah, superficial style of patriotic verse. He could write that sort, if he would, but he has a sense of the fitness of things, and the exquisite little elegy, "He Sleeps in Flanders," shows ability to penetrate into the heart of things, to stir the depths of the soul.

Although the public has little patience with literature that does not bear some relation to the great struggle in which the fate of civilization is at stake, Mr. Stead has done well to include in this volume a number of poems which indicate his ante-bellum point of view. Like one of those relief scenes in the drama, they serve as a contrast to the burden of tragedy in the first part of this collection of song. At any rate they will turn the mind of the reader back to those years of sunny peace on the western plains when the very thought of war seemed to be a laughable impossibility.

Add no book by Mr. Stead would be a complete expression of himself unless it contained poems redolent of the prairie. Some of his songs have imprisoned the odor of the prairie rose, others wait to us "the soft tang of smudge-smoke," to use one of his own expressive phrases, and throughout his peace poems we hear the whisper of the wheat.

The most unobservant reader cannot help but be conscious of atmosphere in Robert Stead's poetry. There

is a sense of bigness and freedom, a suggestion of "the fields, boundless and beautiful," an open-air gusto which no westerner can mistake and no easterner can dislike. Mr. Stead has never joined the fraternity of vers libre poets. Nor does he emulate those of the opposite extreme, the parlor poets, makers of pretty verse, who prefer beauty of form of vigor of thought. With Mr. Stead subject matter is of first importance; he does not despise melody and has a good command of it, but he does not indulge in art for art's sake, and does not believe in cluttering up his straight-going poems with meretricious ornament.

Eastern readers may conclude that the Calgary poet is too stately in his measures, too refined in his phraseology to be regarded as a typical eastern singer. The people of the east ought to learn, however, that the citizens of the Canadian west, most of whom are of eastern birth and education are as grave and self-controlled as those of Ontario or Massachusetts. And in the earnest, almost solemn, utterance of these new war poems,

more than in the local color of his verse, Mr. Stead seems to me to be worthy of the sobriquet bestowed upon him, "The Poet of the Prairies." He is now thirty-seven years of age, and has spent nearly all his life in the prairie country. Born on a boulder-run Ontario farm, he was taken in his infancy to the Turtle Mountain district of southern Manitoba. There his parents "homesteaded it" one hundred and twenty miles from a railway and miles distant from the nearest neighbor. Although in his early manhood Mr. Stead imitated the pushing rising generation by going furthest west, he has been on the prairies practically all his days. Bracing summers, grim winters, big distances, color, movement, the free life of a new country, have entered into his make-up and are reflected in his virile novels and best of all in his poetry. But it is in his note of reserve and in his serious application of ideas of life that Robert Stead appeals to the men of the west as their foremost poet.

W. T. ALLISON.  
Wesley College, Winnipeg.

## How Manufacture of Cereal Foods is Being Controlled

On and after New Year's Day licenses from the food controller will be required by all manufacturers or importers of breakfast or cereal foods if intended for sale in any part of Canada and in packages of less than 20 pounds each. Few people realize the extent of the cereal and breakfast package food consumption in the Dominion. The special committee appointed by the food controller to investigate some features of this trade has made a detailed report on the subject.

"It is a business," the members of the committee say in their introductory remarks, "which has reached large proportions in the last few years. Its magnitude has given rise to the idea that the prices are extravagant and that fortunes have been made in this trade." The committee adds, however, that "while fortunes may have been made in the past, in most cases it is quite evident that the large profits have resulted from the enormous quantity of the packages sold."

In the broadest understanding of "food control," therefore, the regulation of the package cereal trade is obviously important. It was also one of the most readily reached of our Canadian food supplies, because centred in comparatively few firms and makers. Nothing was done without due regard to the legitimate requirements of a trade which has, through extensive and sustained advertising, become well known to the public. In fact, the investigation was undertaken by men who command the respect of the manufacturers, the wholesalers, the retailers and the general public. The chairman was Prof. R. Harcourt, professor in chemistry at the Ontario Agricultural college, Guelph, Ont. The other members were Dr. A. McGill, chief analyst to the department of inland revenue, Ottawa; Mr. P. B. Tuskin, chief of the food and dairy division, health department, Winnipeg; and Mr. W. S. Lecky, of the war purchasing commission, Ottawa.

What, it will be asked, was the object of regulating the sale of package foods under 20 pounds in weight? Primarily, to keep down excessive profits on such packages, which naturally are bought in the smallest sizes by the poorer classes. There was also the desire to prove how great a saving in cost could be made by the purchase of cereals in bulk. The difference in the last named case was such as the average housewife could not be expected to find for herself. Rolled oats were found to be selling in packages weighing a little over three pounds at the rate of 8.73 cents a pound. Bought in ten-pound bulk lots the same oats could be obtained for 6.50 cents a pound, and in 20-pound lots at 6.25 cents a pound.

Measured by the difference in energy-giving units the variation in brands was found to be as striking. For instance, a certain fairly well advertised mark of oats giving 1,000 "calories" or energy units, cost only 4.41 cents, while another breakfast food giving the same calories cost 21.93 cents.

With such considerations before them the committee came to the conclusion that package cereals are not so cheap as cereals bought in bulk. Thanks to a peculiarity in the cereal package food trade their prices today certainly approximate more nearly to the bulk prices than ever. This is due

to the fact that the essence of their business methods has been to standardize prices over a large area. Many firms have advertised over the United States and Canada a fixed price for their packages. Rather than change the standardized price during wartime, when the cost of "raw material" to the manufacturing firms is higher than it was formerly, they have in most cases thought it advisable to work on a narrower margin. In fact, two firms were said to be actually selling at a slight loss at present.

With the licensing of the manufacture of these cereals a set of regulations has been drawn up which will enable the consumer to know precisely what quantity of food he or she is buying in the small package. The report specifically states that there is not the remotest idea of condemning the cereal package; it has served and still serves a definite part of the public but under the proposals of the committee a considerable step will have been taken to keep the consumption of wheat products down to the level of actual necessities. How important that is need not here and now be emphasized with the armies and civil populations of Great Britain, France and Italy depending for their daily bread largely on this continent. Hence the italicized recommendation of the committee that the sale of cereals should be under regulation if sold in packages of less than 20 pounds each. Equally emphatic is the recommendation to the larger purchasers to buy in bulk: "It is unquestionably the better course."

The onus of getting the license rests with the maker in Canada or the importer if the factory is not in Canada. It will, therefore, be illegal after New Year for any firm to sell unlicensed goods. Wholesale and retail merchants will not have to be licensed for the sale of cereals only; that rests with the manufacturer or importer.

Licenses will protect the public in what they buy through the operation of regulations, and which have to be complied with before a license can issue, that there must be printed on the package in easily read form: 1, the name of the article; 2, name and address of the manufacturer; 3, license number; and 4, net weight of contents in pounds and ounces. The committee insisted also that the cost of containers, empty cartons and bags must be only a small proportion of the total cost, so that the consumer may not be paying for the package at food rates. Still more important, the regulations contain the stipulation: "The price at which the goods are sold to the public must not exceed an amount allowing a reasonable profit on bulk goods, plus the cost of the containers."

To assure the carrying out of these regulations the manufacturer's books must be open to inspection, subject to the cancellation, at a month's notice, of his license. A fee from \$10 to \$50 and even upwards based on yearly turnover will be charged for licenses.

Another new and important departure in food control is contained under the scheme by the provision that the "licensee must agree, if so required, at once to make earnest endeavors to find substitutes for ingredients which, from time to time, may be necessary to conserve. Just at present there should be a saving of all the wheat possible."

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usual moods of a husband who to being used for "incompatibility of temper."

When the servant had taken the message John asked Mrs. Mason to tell Helen and Jean that he would like to see them in the garden. When Lucy had gone, the judge asked John if he had as yet given his consent to the marriage of Jean and Rex.

"Young Baker spoke to me last night," said John with pompous dignity, which, however, did not in the least impress the judge. "I told him I'd think it over and give him my decision this morning."

"That's right," said the judge; "mustn't seem too anxious. When the properly qualified male offers one of our dependent females a chance at woman's only true career, of course it's up to us to look disappointed. We're glad to get rid of our incumbences, but we mustn't let on, or the other fellow will get wise to us. Am I right?"

"I am wondering," John returned, the judge's sarcasm passing entirely "over his head," "whether or not it would be wise for me to mention to Rex, when he comes to see me this morning, that I know all about his unfortunate affiliation with that chorus girl—the one who threatened to sue him, you know. As far as I can see, Rex was no more to blame than most young men. Met a pretty girl, liked the looks of her, and became too well acquainted with her. She took advantage of him, compromised him, and then demanded her pound of flesh—or its equivalent in gold. I am afraid I should speak to him, as a matter of form, you know. I don't blame him—not at all. It was all blackmail, and it's all fixed up—his father paid her off!"

"As long as it is settled, there is nothing to fear," the judge observed, "so why rake up the past? But, by the way, have you got anything like that on Hamilton?"

"Humph! I wish I had," he said vindictively. "I don't believe in saints myself, and I don't think he is one. But, unfortunately, I know nothing."

"I see," the judge observed suavely. "It's all right for Rex to have gotten into trouble with a confiding chorus girl. You want him for a brother-in-law. But if Hamilton, whom you don't want, had had a similar experience, it would never do at all for him to become a member of the honored Mason family! Ah, strange indeed is the logic of men!"

John's intended retort was cut short by the appearance of Rex, who came into the garden not quite as blithely as might be expected.

John greeted the young man with effusive warmth—at which the judge smiled enigmatically to himself. Rex went to the point without wasting words. He asked for the verdict of his fiancée's brother and guardian with one word:

"Well?"

Mason's intuition seemed to prompt him not to make the terms of his surrender too hard.

"Well, of course, Rex, you must realize you are asking a great deal of me—but—" and here John appeared to be overcome with the impulse of his own generosity and trust—"Be good to her, my boy—be good to her."

Rex took John's outstretched hand. "Thanks, awfully," he said with a plainly forced enthusiasm. To the judge he said, with the air of trying to do what manifestly would be the right thing: "Congratulate me, judge; just won the finest girl in the world; I'm the happiest of men."

"So I see," he said, turning the page of his newspaper, "but you needn't let it worry you. You will recover. It may not be as bad as it seems."

Only the entrance of Jean herself, dressed for her morning ride, saved the situation.

When John saw his sister coming, he signaled the judge to leave the young people alone and disappeared abruptly into the house.

Left alone, Rex and Jean faced each other. They were not loverlike. Rex, dutifully, would have held out his arms, but there was something in Jean's eyes

that stopped him. Jean was very beautiful in her trim riding suit—more attractive, femininely, than Rex had ever seen her. He felt himself giving away to the spell of her loveliness, and asked himself why it was that he was not happy in the thought that this charming, vivacious young girl was about to become his wife. Jean gave him no opportunity to further analyze his heart.

"Rex, you weren't in love with me yesterday when you asked me to marry you," she said, "and you aren't in love with me now." She had stepped close to him. Her hands were clenched and hung taut at her side. She was speaking very earnestly. "You would get out of marrying me now if you honestly, decently could, and you know it. But you can't, so you have spoken to John. You have made up your mind to see it through, because you are a good sport. I admire you for that, Rex; I admire you too much to hold you to the bargain you never wanted to make. I am going to release you—I do release you now—fully."

Rex was amazed. He could not understand the situation.

"Why—why—" he stammered, "you do, that I wanted to be released? Why should you think so?"

"If you do not, then I do. Yesterday I let you propose to me when I cared for some one else. I could not marry you, and every time you kissed me, every time you put your arms around me, close my eyes and imagine you were some one else. You would not want that, would you? It would not be fair to you—to me—or to him!"

Rex, being a man, and not knowing how he should feel under such an unexpected circumstance, resorted to the only subterfuge that occurred to him, a simulation of fury.

"Who is he? What do you mean by this? Why didn't you tell me before you imposed upon me?"

"You may well say," Jean said with forced calm, "that I had no right to play fast and loose with you. But you must remember that you never told me anything about yourself. I'm telling you now all there is to tell anyone about myself. I was in love with another man yesterday when I told you I was in love with you. I am making the only amends I can now. You are free from your promise to me."

It is the nature of man to want that which he cannot have; to enjoy the hunt which has the most obstacles.

"I don't want to be free!" he declared. "Whoever he is, he can't have you. You gave yourself to me, and I shall keep you. You are mine now. If you think you can make me stop loving you—"

"You are not in love with me, Rex—any more now than you were yesterday. You are just jealous now. You never were in love with me—you've always

been in love with my sister Helen. You couldn't get her, so you were willing to marry me. Isn't that true, Rex?"

Rex was very uncomfortable.

"I'll be honest with you, Jean," he said slowly, his eyes averted. "Yesterday I wasn't really very serious at first. I felt like a brute afterward. I did love Helen, and wanted her very badly, but she wouldn't have me. You tried your best to prevent what happened here in the garden, but I was too strong for you. I let myself go. You were so tempting, so lovable, I wanted to kiss you, and so I took you in my arms. I forgot that to a good girl that would mean love. You ran away from me and I followed until I had caught you and made you surrender your lips. But now—"

"Do you know why I ran away, Rex?" Jean interrupted, bound to have all the truth told. "It was to make you follow me. I made you catch me. I made you kiss me. Then you realized we had been thrown together constantly—deliberately thrown together, if you care to know it—and, well, that's how many marriages are made. But I will not marry on such terms. It's positively indecent!"

Rex saw his rebellious fiancée in a new guise. He was not used to frankness in his dealings with the young women who flattered and petted him. He looked at Jean with a new light in his eyes.

"I never thought a woman could be capable of such honesty!" he exclaimed in admiration. "What a bully sport you are, Jean! You aren't like the rest of the girls who have been shoved at me. Why, really, Jean, I can actually respect you. That's more than I can say of any other girl besides your sister I have ever known. I can respect you. You are the girl for me!"

He tried to take her in his arms, but Jean restrained him with calm, forbidding dignity.

"I am sorry, Rex—but I am not to be your wife. I am not for you to marry."

Now Rex was the pleading suitor.

"I must have you, Jean!" he cried. "I must and will have you. I do love you, with every bit of my heart and soul. I need you—more than you know. Without you I shall go straight to the devil!"

It was an unfortunate appeal—that last. Jean was too high strung, too much a woman to sympathize with any such debasement of the man worthy of being her husband.

"That's a cowardly thing to say, Rex," she said with uncompromising severity. "I could never trust myself to any man who has no more backbone than that. Now I wouldn't marry you if you were the last man on earth!"

Rex realized his mistake. He was frantic. Something of the cave man impulse came over him. He stepped close to the girl who spurned him, but not with any attempt to take her in his arms.

"You wouldn't, eh? We will see about

that, Jean. I want you now as I have never wanted anything in my life. I want you, and I am going to have you. I am going to win you away from this other man, whoever he is. You'll see if I don't!"

Jean would not have admitted it, but Rex's confidence in his ability to achieve what she had told him was impossible was not displeasing to her. Her scorn of his momentary weakness was momentarily dispelled. Her determination was not shaken. She would have made that point clear to him if Helen had not come to the garden in answer to the same summons from John which had brought Jean. Helen, realizing she had interrupted some intimate scene, hastily explained she had thought her brother would be there.

Jean took advantage of her sister's interruption to make her escape.

"I'll call him—he wanted to talk with you," she said, and ran hastily down the path and among the bushes.

Rex faced Helen for an instant, as if at the point of confiding in her; then he changed his mind and without a word he followed Jean.

John appeared on the steps as Jean and Rex disappeared. To Helen he said, rather disagreeably:

"If you had not contracted this 'new woman' disease at college and filled your head with tom fool notions about woman's sphere and woman's rights and woman's independence, you might be doing just what your sister Jean is doing now."

Helen laughed good naturedly, slightly shrugging her pretty shoulders.

"But how proud you must be, John," she said lightly, "that you have at least one sister who isn't compelled to marry one man while in love with another. When you think of that, aren't you really glad that I did go to college?"

"I hope, at any rate," he retorted, "you are not going to spoil a noble career, such as you would be doing if you should burden Dr. Hamilton with the responsibilities of marriage. The institute needs him; the lives of children need him. He can never carry on his work if his mind must be harassed with the foibles and the financial demands of a wife. He should be left free to achieve his ambitions and do his work."

HELEN turned upon her brother sharply.

"That is just what I think, John. That is the decision I have come to—not to embarrass him with the foibles and financial demands of a wife."

John was astonished—and elated.

"So you are not going to marry him, then? You have changed your mind? Good—that's good; I thought you would come to your senses."

"I have come to my senses," Helen returned, "long ago. It's only a bad woman who would inveigle Dr. Hamilton into marriage now when all his thought and care are needed in his work. He wanted me to marry him; still wants me to marry him. But I have refused. Still, being a woman, I am not going to give up my love. My love will help him through his difficulties; it will cheer him and be an inspiration. Marriage would, as you say, be a burden. We shall continue in our work, but we shall love each other. We shall be independent of each other, but we shall be all in all to each other. Do you understand? I said all in all!"

Now John was stupefied. For a minute he could not comprehend. He framed the question with his lips, and Helen silently nodded her head, turning away as she did so with a finality that convinced John the matter was closed so far as his arguments were concerned.

"You mean that you, my sister, that you are going to give yourself without the marriage bond?"

"That is what I am going to do," answered Helen, "and I will add that I am proud of the opportunity."

(To be continued next week)

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## The Perfect Man

A MAID named Flora celebrated her thirty-fourth birthday, and decided to marry before the cold cream merchants got her fortune.

"With my superior knowledge," she told herself, "I should be able to capture the perfect man—a mate to match my profile and my bridge."

There were just two flawless specimens left in Flora's set—Jim, a famous lawyer, and Paul, a popular minister.

A month passed—she had seen a great deal of Jim.

"Oh, Jimmy," she gurgled as he came into the room. "I went to see 'Married in Name Only' today—and I cried all the way through—had the sweetest time."

He patted her arm.

"I've got something to tell you, Flora."

"What is it, Jimmy?" she lisped.

"I'm going to marry Jane Foose tomorrow—she's just finished her book of comments, y'know, called 'Aliquando Bonus Dormitat Homerus.'"

Flora thought it over after he had gone. "Men admire the serious girl, after all," she told herself.

Another month passed—she had seen a great deal of Paul.

When he came into the room she was reading Bland's "Recent Events, and Present Policies of China." She greeted him gravely.

"I've something to tell you, Flora," he began.

She put the book on the table with an open copy of "The Concordance of Shakespeare" and looked at him.

"I'm going to marry Goldie Chalmers of the 'So This Is Paris' company tomorrow," he said, "and we want you to see us through."

After he had been gone a few moments the phone rang.

"Hello, Florrie," a nice voice said. "Haven't seen you since the last good old college 'prom'—just back from Australia."

"Gee, I'm delighted to hear your voice, Bob!" she exclaimed in the real way that was hers. "Come out to dinner and we'll talk 'em all over!"

And the lawyer sent her a chest of silver, and the minister said, "I pronounce thee—"

Moral: The dog who runs naturally is the fastest on his feet.

G. N.



# The Man Who Was a Fingerboard

The International Sunday-School Lesson For January 6th is:  
"John Prepares The Way For Jesus."—Mark 1:1-11.

BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS.

A six months' journey through the Gospel of Mark now opens with the new year to every student of the International Sunday School Lessons. And Mark's message to the man or woman of today is aglow with an illumination that sheds a flood of light upon the intricate way over which we are passing.

This gospel was put into the soul of John Mark to give to the world. He was a son of Mary of Jerusalem, a Jewish woman, and he was a cousin of Barnabas. Peter was his father in the faith (1 Peter 5:13) and it is evident from the character of the gospel that it bears many signs of Peter's quickening influence upon his convert.

It is probable that Mark's gospel was written about 55 A.D., and for Gentiles particularly, rather than for the Jews. It is distinctively, as Dr. Griffith Thomas points out, the gospel that "Emphasizes the activity, authority, and energy of Christ. His deeds rather than His words. Here we get the very frequent repetition of 'straightway,' indicative of the constant movement and activity of Christ, as He is doing deeds of kindness, teaching the truth, and fighting evil."

Into the study of an inspired message with such marvelous fitness for our own age and conscious need, we may well enter with high expectation of discovering therein divine ideals of service for swift application to the complex and challenging days in which we live.

## The Forerunner.

Once upon a time there lived that rare wonder, a man who did not pretend to be what he was not. There was almost as much posing and pretending and "bluffing" in his day as in ours; but nevertheless this remarkable man would not "put up a front" that was not genuine. With all the opportunity in the world to pass as some great one, and to receive honor and reward, he doggedly stuck to the statement that he was only a "sals"—such as you see all over the Orient, running ahead of a Somebody's vehicle to prepare the way for him.

Pressed to declare himself a distinguished personage, he persisted in protesting that he was not a man on horseback, not the man in the royal vehicle, not the man behind the palm branches, but only the forerunner, the servant who ran ahead on foot. He was not "It"; he merely cried aloud that The One was coming, and that all should be prepared for Him. He was not the kind of press agent who puts flattering notices of himself in print, when he should be advertising the cause he represents.

## Our Own Time's Make-up.

All this is enough to make this hairy man of the wilderness, John the Baptist, a unique character in history. Of course, we see now—in his case, not in ours—that it is real wisdom, and at least the glimmering of greatness, not to pretend anything. The person who sets himself up to be somebody that he is not is invariably "taken down." It is better to seem less than you are, rather than more than you are; the discovery of your real merits startles people into playing you high honor.

If the twentieth century could go to school to this uncouth desert prophet, the Baptist, it might give less time and substance to beauty doctors, massage artists, barbers, manicurists, tailors and jewelers, but it assuredly would give greater heed to the real qualities which make for essential manhood and womanhood. It would care a deal less about its position in "society," and a deal more about its standing before God. Utter honesty, which enabled him to respect himself in the solitudes of the wilderness as well as amid the crowds by the Jordan's bank, was John's first characteristic.

## "Who Art Thou?"

Some men make their living by hunting up, or making up, distinguished genealogies for persons—antipodes of the Baptist—who, having acquired money or power, want also social distinction. They desire to be prepared to answer the world's inevitable question, "Who art thou?" That was the query flung at John as soon as he began to make a stir. The doctors of the law and the ecclesiastical aristocrats would have liked him to produce such credentials that they could "recognize" him.

John was drawing crowds; straightway the same peril loomed before him which confronts every personality, that the Good Society of his time would open its arms to him and take him into its suffocating embrace, and soon reduce him to its own level of mediocrity. "Social recognition" has been the end of many a promising career. The Pharisees who went out to examine John wanted to make him of their own crowd. They would honor him with office

and standing and their own gracious favor.

## Holding a Job or Doing It.

These Pharisees were known for the jobs they held and the positions they occupied; and contemporaneous religious life has plenty of analogous figures. But John was a person to be reckoned with because he was himself. He did not need an ecclesiastical job or a rich or fashionable pulpit; he had a message. And a man with his own message may go to the sands of Sahara and lift up his voice (not a voice trained in a school of elocution, either), and the world will resort to him. The man with a vital message—which possession makes a true preacher—is as rare as the sartorially immaculate, carefully drilled pulpit ornament is common.

This man claimed to be merely a "voice"—crying in the wilderness. He was only himself, and claimed nothing but his true work. He was no chameleon. He flew his own flag and stood by it. A servant forerunner, a mere messenger of the great Coming One was he, and nothing more.

## A Stick May Point.

Any kind of a stick, so long as it be not crooked, may point. John conceived of himself as a fingerboard. For that office he did not need polish or social graces or the approving seal of the Sanhedrin. Nobody was expected to pay attention to him, but only to look and to go where he pointed. So the world conceived of this man, girt with camel's hair and subsisting on anchorite's fare, as pointing, pointing to the Coming One, and crying "Behold!—The Lamb of God!"

Everybody points somewhere. The least of us cannot escape standing for something. The very first office of life is bearing witness. One's "do-as-I-please," devil-may-care attitude is rather checked by the thought that one is pointing somebody somewhere. At a railway station I once as a boy thoughtlessly and ignorantly misdirected a woman with a bundle through the wrong tunnel. Later I saw her toiling back with her load. Her useless and over-burdened tramp due to my misdirection; and through all these years I have remorsefully carried that memory in my mind. But what of the more serious mistakes we unwittingly cause people, because our trend of life has pointed them the wrong way?

As I conceive it, the burden of this Sunday School Lesson is, "Point straight! Point straight!" Bear

witness to the truth, the highest truth you know. Without fear, as without self-seeking, stand steadfastly for your highest illumination. That is the way the world moves upward. That is the way society is kept from decay. That is the way the kingdom of heaven comes.

## The Man With Something To Say.

In the wilderness, John came to self-realization and acquired his message. Some preachers are affecting the camel's-hair cloth and the leather girdle and brusque speech, without the message. But the message alone is the thing. To hear that, the world would seek out a man in the remotest wilderness, or will not shrink from the most fashionable of churches. Why is it that Philadelphia crowds flock every Sunday to hear Dr. Floyd W. Tompkins, while our down-town churches are almost empty? Simply because he has a message about God. . . . does not rehash the day's news from the pulpit, nor choose topics that command space in the newspapers, nor have prologues or stereopticon shows. He just preacher God to the hearts of the people, and the multitude which gathered in hunger goes away fed.

It was a plain sermon that Mark reports John as preaching. First there was the old appeal, "Repent ye." Then there was the warning, that the axe was already lying at the tree of hereditary religion, ready to cut it down should they prove unworthy of their fathers. And then there was the promise of the greater One who was to come. John offered his time Christ. That was its need then; it is the supreme need now. As Richard Watson Gilder so beautifully wrote:

"If Jesus is a man,  
And only a man, I say,  
That of all mankind I cleave to Him,  
And to Him will I cleave away.

"But if Jesus Christ is God,  
And the only God, I swear,  
I will follow Him through heaven and  
hell,  
The earth, the sea, the air."

## THE BELFRY AT BRUGES

Belgium has many accounts against the Germans. One of them is the destruction of many sets of bell chimes or, to be more accurate, carillons. In England church chimes seldom go beyond the octave. Eight bells are considered as sufficient for playing the stately old hymn tunes which sing in mellow beauty over the hills and vales on a Sunday morning. But in Belgium the Carillon had some of the characteristics of an organ and indeed was played in the same way. The carillon at Bruges was the pride of the Low Countries. Who knows what has become of it? In all probability the bronze of those lovely bells has gone into cannon or shell by this time. At least a dozen of the famous Belgium churches and cathedrals had carillons of varying excellence.

# A CONTRAST IN HOMES

(From the New Republic)

Mother has a modern home with most of the improvements. My father, of artistic temperament, clung desperately to an uncongenial business to provide it, and mother did her 53 per cent. She saved bread crumbs in the kitchen and bought two Oriental rugs. She harried her maid servants, and scrubbed to show them how, and made me the prettiest clothes out of my aunt's old silk ones, for she was clever and always wanted us to look as if my father's income was five times larger than it was.

Mother taught Sunday school, ran the church societies, and defended the minister against his detractors. Mother was always sure, she was never a slacker, and her slogan was always "do it for the home." If she was frequently ill, and father had large bills to pay the doctors it was because mother was so "devoted to the home." If she was a little extravagant occasionally, and bought pale blue rugs for a much used bathroom she did it "for the home." If she banished pretty dresses in the house and broke up social intercourse at that rare hour the early evening, because the supper dishes must be washed, those nights when maids were out or wholly fled, she did it "for the home."

If from small girlhood I cried in bed at night wishing for a real mother, it was because mother was setting the sponge for her favorite raised brown bread. She heard our prayers, of course. She never received our confidences. She raised five children much as she did the bread. One, the middle aged eldest, lives with her today, with no more right to her own guests in her mother's big living-room or at her mother's table than an alien. Why? Because mother is the creator, preserver and guardian of the home. It must be quiet, in order, and spotless to be a home. She has tied on bibs, bathed her children and fed her family all these 45 years, until tying, cleaning, cooking are the ends of her life.

She is fairly well physically, but her once alert mind is no more open to a new idea than a used and rusted tin can. At 65, though she still goes to church, spiritual values have little weight. Comfort is her ideal. The food she eats, the chair she sits on, the way the window curtains hang, are her topics of conversation. She has spent 45 years trying to make herself and her family comfortable. Comfort is her achievement, not motherhood. And that is the price she has paid for her home. (Each member of the family also has paid, but that is another story.)

My best friend's home is a city home with all the modern conveniences. It is backed by a solid income. Her mother earned the income. She went out into the world and left her two children daily. She tired of the monotony, the stifling never-get-anywhere of housekeeping. She was ill from mental numbness. She herself was so just, so upright, so big-minded, there was little need of teaching these things to her children; they had passed their seventh year, molded in the strength of her own character, and are now two of our leading citizens.

This frail little woman regained her health, worked up into a highly responsible office position, put her two children through college. Now she is nearly 70 and is living in the home she earned for herself as a beloved grandmother. She does her daily portion of the housework helps with the Red Cross and suffrage campaigns. Her house is scrupulously kept, though there is no resident maid. No dishes are washed at night; life is too short and friends too precious. There are constantly friends at table, because it is a house with a purpose. A whole assembly district in the recent New York suffrage campaign had its headquarters there.

My best friend's mother is not domestic. She refused to pay the price. But the value of her home is above rubies.

## Birthplace Of Christ

(Frederick Welty in Public Ledger)

Whatever the political sentiment in the Holy Land after the war, it is to be hoped that Christian sentiment will effect material changes at Bethlehem as at Jerusalem. The temple sheltering the birthplace of Christ should not continue to be the bazaar that it is today, thanks to the Greek priests who share the church with the Latin and Armenian clergy and have built up an amazing trade in pious frauds—notably clay tablets, the story of which is, to say the least, not in good taste; and cargoes of crosses and pressed flowers, the production of which, if genuine, would long ago have denuded both the Mount of Olives and the Garden of Gethsemane.

Then, the churches of Christendom should unite to transform the Basilica of the Nativity, with its ugly, half-ruined exterior, into a greater shrine befitting the site.

"The Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, the Church of the Annunciation at Nazareth, the Tomb of the Virgin, the Garden of Gethsemane and all the other greater sanctuaries," says William Eleroy Curtis, "have been the subject of dispute for centuries. Nothing can be said for or against their authenticity, and therefore they probably always will be involved in doubt and controversy, which is used as a reason, or rather as an excuse, for not erecting appropriate monuments over them. But no such objection can be offered to the Church of the Nativity. The traditions which surround it can be traced back to the very night of the Savior's birth, and secular history confirms them. We know that Jesus was born in a stable because there was no room for his parents at the inn; we know that that stable was connected with a cave, and that it was situated in the village; we know that the location of the village has not been changed, and there being but one cave, the chain of evidence is clear."

There have been so many restorations in the history of the Church of the Nativity that only false reverence would stand in the way of another. So much of the ancient edifice as appears to date from the days of Constantine and his mother, along with the present embellishment of the Grotto and the Byzantine frescoes, whose salve is one of the most charming things in Bethlehem, could be preserved as the heart of a temple that would be worthy of the Baby Christ, Christendom and Christmas.

## SEVEN SENTENCE SERMONS

The Lord gets His best soldiers out of the highlands of affliction.—Spurgeon.

The reason some men do not succeed is because their wishbone is where their backbone ought to be.—Anon.

Something each day,—a deed  
Of kindness and of good  
To link in closer bonds  
All human brotherhood,  
Oh, thus the heavenly will  
We all may do while here;  
For a good deed every day  
Makes blessed all the year.  
—George Cooper.

Endeavor as much as you can to keep company with people above you.—Lord Chesterfield.

Shun the habit of "putting off," as you would a temptation to crime.—Orison Swett Marden.

Out of the woods my Master went,  
And He was well content;  
Out of the woods my Master came,  
Content with death and shame:  
When Death and Shame should woo  
Him last,  
From under the trees they drew Him last.

'Twas on the tree they slew Him—last  
When out of the woods He came.  
—Sidney Lanier.

An aim in life is the only fortune worth the finding; and it is not to be found in foreign lands, but in the heart itself.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

## Not For the Feet.

Andy Speary, gifted bowler, bowled at a contest in Elizabeth.

When he was through he wrapped his bowling shoes in a newspaper and left the parcel at the pinboys' end of the alley until he should be ready to start home.

A few nights later, when he was ready to start for another bowling contest, he got out the newspaper-wrapped package which he thought contained his shoes.

A mistake had been made. Instead of carrying his bowling shoes home from the earlier contest he had carried off a pinboy's lunch.—Exchange.

A man descended from an excursion train and was wearily making his way to the tramcar, followed by his wife and fourteen children, when a policeman touched him on the shoulder and said:

"Come along with me."

"What for?"

"Blowed if I know; but when ye're locked up I'll go back and find out why that crowd was following ye."